

1½d.

## Daily Mirror

Be Miniatured

It is the  
Fashion of  
the Day.

(See Pages 13 and 16.)

No. 296.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## MR. PINERO'S SENSATIONAL DOLL.



In Mr. Pinero's new comedy, "A Wife Without a Smile," at Wyndham's Theatre, a doll, two pictures of which are seen above, plays an important part. The incident is fully explained on page 4.

## GAOL FOR LADY RESISTER.



Miss Bulmer, of Chester-le-Street, Durham, the first lady resister who has agreed to go to prison rather than pay the Education Rate.

## EAST END MURDER VICTIM.



Miss Farmer, who was murdered at her shop in Commercial-road, E. Five men were arrested in connection with the mystery, and were detained on suspicion.

## THE RACE FOR THE CESAREWITCH—OWNER AND WINNER.



The horses entering the straight in the race for the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket.



Mr. Horatio Bottomley, owner of Wargrave.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Wargrave, who beat Rondeau in the Cesarewitch.

## HOUSE WRECKED BY A TRAMCAR.



This is the result of a tramcar smash at Millbrook, Stalybridge, where the car dashed into a house, knocking the front walls down.

## JAPANESE MARCHING THROUGH SNOW IN MANCHURIA.



This excellent photograph of a war scene in the Far East shows the Japanese troops making their way north in single file through the snow on the mountains in Manchuria.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")







## TRIUMPH OF JAPS.

Russians' Ranks Broken  
and Hurlled Back All  
Along the Line.

### MANY GUNS CAPTURED.

Superiority of the Japanese  
Artillery.

The Russian advance, heralded by General Kuro-patkin with such confident predictions of victory, has been turned to something like a rout.

The tide of battle, which at first ran in their favour, turned against the Russians during the third day's fighting before Yentai.

Unable to maintain their hold front any longer before the superior artillery of the brave Japanese they are now falling back all along the line.

The greatest bravery has been displayed by both sides during this long and hotly-contested battle.

As a result both armies have lost heavily. Train after train has been arriving at Mukden loaded with Russian wounded, and the railway station is now one vast hospital.

The aggregate losses of the Japanese and Russian armies are estimated at 30,000. When fuller news comes to hand this estimate will probably be found a very moderate one.

In one engagement with General Oku's army the Russians charged three times, and in the end were practically annihilated by the Japanese infantry.

Probably as a result of this success twenty-five Russian guns fell into the hands of the victorious Oku, making the number of Russian guns captured in this battle thirty in all.

Marshal Oyama, in an official message, claims Japanese successes all along the line.

The number of Russian officers killed and wounded was very great. For this reason the Russian retreat was carried out in great disorder.

### OYAMA WINS.

Japanese Advance on Right, Left, and  
Centre.

Official messages received in Tokio from Marshal Oyama show the Japanese successes to have been general.

The centre and right armies made substantial gains on Wednesday.

Yesterday the left column was engaged in a continuous pursuit of the enemy.

The central army captured the field-guns and a number of ammunition wagons.

"Operations," concludes the Marshal, "are proceeding favourably."

### FIERCE FIGHT.

Non-Committal Version Circulated in  
St. Petersburg.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The following is part of a telegram dated October 11, which was received by the General Staff to-day from Lieutenant-General Sakharoff, with reference to the great battle between Mukden and Liao-yang:—

"On the 11th the Japanese assumed the offensive on both sides of the railway and to the north of the Yentai Mines. A fierce fight raged all day."

"The greater portion of the position occupied by the enemy to the east of the Yentai Mines fell into our hands, but the culminating point of the position, consisting of a wooded hill, had not been taken by five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Our troops throughout October 11 maintained their advanced positions along the entire front of the Japanese attack, except at some points from which troops had to be withdrawn to strengthen the principal positions."—Reuter.

### RUSSIAN RETICENCE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Inquiries in official circles here regarding the great battle between Mukden and Liao-yang are met with the reply that fighting is proceeding without intermission along the entire front, but has hitherto been without decisive results. The General Staff is inclined to doubt the reported occupation of Yentai station.—Reuter.

### RUSSIA'S ADVANTAGE IN NUMBERS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—It is believed that General Kuropatkin now has at his disposal 250 battalions, composed of 270,000 men, and that the Japanese forces number 180,000.—Reuter.

Variable to S.E. breezes; cold and foggy at 7 p.m.; then fine a few hours; rain by night.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER

(Lighting-up time: 6.8 p.m. Sea passages smooth in S. and E., rather rough in W.)

### PORT ARTHUR'S PLIGHT.

Russians Offering Fabulous Prices  
to Blockade Runners.

A Russian officer passed through Tsing-tau yesterday, offering fabulous terms to local shippers to take cargoes to Port Arthur.

He admitted that all supplies in the fortress are running very low, and was particularly anxious to obtain coal.

The German steamer Emma, laden with coal, has been dispatched on an attempt to make Port Arthur.

On learning her destination, her European crew deserted. Their places have been taken by Chinese coolies.

It is stated that the Russians paid £3 a ton for the coal, and will pay the captain a bonus of £250.

The Russians admit that the new Japanese siege guns are a serious menace to Port Arthur, and especially to the docks and shipping.

They believe, however, that the warships will remain inside till the arrival of the Baltic fleet.

### WAIL OF WARRIORS' WIVES.

Piteous Scenes on Departure of Troops  
from Odessa.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

KIEF, October 8.—"Piteous scenes," writes M. Meyendorff, "are witnessed in the Odessa military district during the calling-up of reservists."

"Outside the depot on Tuesday thronged fifteen or twenty hungry women, with babes at their breasts, weeping and piteously lamenting the departure of their husbands."

"Some of them screamed and tore their hair, and several young women went into hysterics and made the street resound with their ghastly laughter."

"While one unfortunate girl, apparently unmarried, screaming, 'Dmitri, Dmitri, are you going to desert me and the child that is to be born?' a hideous old hag kicked her into the mud, shrieking, 'Begone, we are all honest women here!'"

"When the second battalion was marching out of the town three women threw themselves across the middle of the road, begging their husbands and their husbands' comrades to trample over their bodies and put them out of their misery."

### STRANDED "SWANLEY."

Coolies Regard Shipwreck as an  
Enjoyable Picnic.

SINGAPORE, Thursday.—Captain Dawson, of the collier steamer Swanley, which arrived here on Tuesday, states that the Swanley struck between Seraia and Sirassian Islands, five miles south of the former, at 9.30 p.m. on the 3rd inst. The weather was fine, and there was no rain.

The Swanley signalled for help from the shore, but none was rendered her, although a schooner was anchored near. So far from being panic-stricken, the coolies behaved splendidly, and helped to jettison 300 tons of coal.

The 2,263 coolies on board were put ashore without a single mishap. The men had to wade over 200 yards of coral reef to the shore. They regard the whole episode as a huge picnic.

There is excellent water in the camp, and the steamer left three weeks' provisions and a lifeboat behind. The steamer Maaila leaves Labuan to-day with more provisions for the camp. The Courtfield, from Chingwantao, will pick up the stranded coolies about the 24th inst.—Reuter's Special Service.

### KING TO VISIT WOOLWICH.

The King has signified his intention to visit Woolwich on Wednesday to inspect the Royal Artillery, of which he has been Colonel-in-Chief since the death of the Duke of Cambridge.

The visit will be semi-private, and it is understood that his Majesty will travel by motor.

After inspecting the Artillery the King will lunch at the Royal Artillery mess.

It will be the King's first visit of inspection to Woolwich since his accession.

### SHOT ON SOUTHEAST PIER.

The inquest yesterday on Henry Robert Appleton, clerk in the office of the Education Committee of the London County Council, who shot himself on Southeast Pier on Tuesday night, showed that he had been worried by his work and his mother's illness.

### CHAPTER OF MISFORTUNE.

The Registrar at Bow County Court adjourned for a month a case set for hearing yesterday on learning that the defendant's wife had died suddenly the previous day and that the defendant himself, while on his way to inform the relatives of his loss, had been knocked down by a motor-car and very seriously injured.

### SOCIETY MURDER.

Shall Children Give Evidence  
Against Their Mother?

Not for a generation has a murder trial so engrossed the Italian people in the cities, small towns, and villages as the trial of Countess Bonmartini, her lover, and their alleged confederates for the murder of Count Bonmartini two years ago.

As the trial proceeds there are altogether 363 witnesses to give evidence, and it is expected, the most remarkable murder plot ever conceived will be revealed.

TURIN, Thursday.—When proceedings in the Bonmartini trial were resumed this morning, Signor Boccini, the Socialist leader, who appears for Dr. Secchi, in a spirited speech, concluded his protest against the introduction of the Bonmartini children in opposition to their mother.

He denounced the conduct of the case as an outrage on paternal authority.

Senator Munich, a former Prefect of Turin, who is engaged in the civil action, said it was right that the children should do their part to insure respect for their father's name.

Sensor Munich continued. "We cannot allow that those who killed the father should come here, and for their own ends besmirch his memory, while his sons are to have no right to appear in their turn to defend that memory."

"We hope with all our hearts, and we shall be happy indeed should Countess Bonmartini ultimately leave this court an innocent woman."

"But if the contrary should prove the case, we are here to demand justice, and must therefore applaud when sentence is pronounced upon the author of this murder." The speech was received with applause.—Reuter's Special Service.

### WAGNER'S LOST SCORE.

British National Hymn Overture To  
Be Played in London.

News that the long-lost score of Wagner's "Rule Britannia" Overture, composed as a tribute to the English nation, had been discovered at Leicester last May by Mr. Cyrus Gamble, aroused considerable interest, not in the musical world alone. It is now to be published by Messrs. Metzler and Co., who hold the rights of performance for the whole world from Mme. Wagner.

On the occasion of Wagner's first short visit to London in 1839, when on his way to Paris from Riga, Wagner handed over the score to the Philharmonic Society, with the hope that it would be performed—a hope which was not realised. The MS. was returned to Wagner's lodgings, and the landlord forwarded it to Paris, without, however, prepaying the postage. Wagner, not choosing to be mulcted of the heavy fee, refused the package.

What eventually became of the returned package containing the original manuscript, and how it came into the possession of Mr. Thomas, from whom it was purchased together with a truckload of manuscript music by Mr. Gamble, remains a mystery.

### MAGISTRATE FAINTS.

Shocked by the Mutilation of an Old  
Man's Body.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VIENNA, Thursday.—The horrible murder of a rich old man has just been discovered.

His name was Jean Sikora, and he was over seventy years of age. He was decamped into the house of a maker of bronzes, named Jean Henri Klein, by the man's wife Françoise.

After fearful struggles the old man was bound and strangled. The murderers then tried to cut his body in pieces, having provided themselves with two boxes in which to place them.

But their hearts failed them in their horrible work, and placing the mangled remains in a sack they pushed it under a gaudy Ottoman couch.

While the husband packed up the wife went to Sikora's house and stole the money he had just received from the sale of some of his property.

The business partner of Klein, noticing that the windows of his house were opened, entered and saw that one room was in a disordered state, but suspected nothing. Calling again he discovered the body.

The magistrate who was given charge of the case fainting when he saw Sikora's body, so terribly it was mutilated.

His Honour Judge Addison, K.C., remarked at the Southwark County Court yesterday that his experience of moneylenders at that court was that they did not generally charge more than the risk. He wondered that they made money at all.

## ACCIDENT TO DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Flung Out of Motor-car and  
Picked Up Unconscious  
and Bleeding.

### DUKE'S CAR CUT IN TWO.

H.R.H. Suffering from Scalp  
Wound, but Progressing  
Favourably.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught met with a serious accident while riding in a motor-car near Edinburgh last night.

The motor-car collided with a cart, and was cut in two. His Royal Highness was flung heavily to the ground and rendered unconscious.

He was immediately conveyed to the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, and a bulletin issued later stated that his Royal Highness was suffering from a scalp wound and an injury to the left ear.

The Duke of Connaught had concluded a two days' inspection of the garrison at Edinburgh, and last evening was proceeding by motor-car to join the Duchess and the Princesses of Connaught, who are in residence at Gosford House, East Lothian. Gosford is situated about sixteen miles from Edinburgh.

Shortly after six o'clock his Royal Highness, attended by Major Murray, A.D.C., and Captain McLaren, left the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, where he had been in residence.

### CART WITHOUT LIGHTS.

The road is a broad one, but the car had only travelled two miles when, between Piershill and the suburban seaside port of Edinburgh—Portobello—a large country cart suddenly loomed up in the darkness. The motor-car had just safely swung past a street car, and the chauffeur had no time to pull up to avoid the cart.

The motor was going at a moderate pace, but the cart had no lights up, and, to make matters worse, there were also battens of wood projecting at the sides.

The chauffeur made a desperate attempt to pull round, but was not in time, and the motor-car dashed with terrific force into the cart.

The consequences were amazing. The motor-car was ripped into two pieces. The part in which the Duke was sitting travelled alone for several yards, swerved on to the pavement, and crashed against a wall.

### FLUNG OUT HEAVILY.

His Royal Highness was flung out heavily on to the roadway, where he lay insensible.

Major Murray, who had been left in the other fragment of the car, although slightly hurt, managed to scramble out, and at once rushed to the assistance of the Duke, who was seen to be unconscious and bleeding from the head.

Fortunately, another motor-car was following the party, and into this his Royal Highness was immediately placed, and with all speed conveyed back to the North British Station Hotel at Edinburgh, temporary relief being administered to his Royal Highness meanwhile, as far as the limited resources of the party permitted.

Upon reaching the hotel his Royal Highness, who had recovered somewhat, was able to walk from the motor-car to his bedroom, and meanwhile swift messengers were dispatched for doctors.

Professor Annandale and Professor Sir John Cheine were promptly in attendance, and for two hours administered remedies to the royal patient, and at half-past eight an official bulletin was issued, announcing that his Royal Highness was suffering from a scalp wound, which the doctors stated was not serious, and a wound on the left ear.

Half an hour later his Royal Highness was said to be progressing most favourably.

At eleven o'clock our special correspondent was informed at the North British Station Hotel that his Royal Highness's condition was still favourable.

News of the accident spread with lightning rapidity, and large crowds of people flocked to the scene, while great numbers swarmed to the hotel to gain the latest news of the Duke's condition.

The rug which his Royal Highness had over his knees in the car was torn into two pieces, and many people who were early on the spot managed to secure fragments of the rug as souvenirs of the unfortunate occurrence.

Later messages state that his Royal Highness has suffered much pain, and lost a considerable quantity of blood, but otherwise he is in no danger.



## PINEROTIC PUPPET.

Improper Stage Doll Shocks the Critics.

### CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL.

The subject of the moment is Mr. Pinero's doll. Everyone is talking about the absurd little toy (illustrated on page 1) which plays such a prominent part in our leading dramatist's latest effort, "A Wife Without a Smile."

It might have passed as a mere incidental humour. It is possible that Mr. Pinero meant it to. But the first-night audience at Wyndham's Theatre insisted on treating it as the chief character in the piece.

In previous plays Mr. Pinero has given the British sense of morality and propriety some severe shocks. The bedroom scene in "The Gay Lord Quex" was denounced even by bishops, and formed the subject of innumerable lamentations over the laxity of the age—and especially of the stage.

"Iris" and "Lety" also called forth severe comment, particularly the scene in which Lety took her hair down and put on slippers in a man's rooms.

#### Most Daring Expedient.

But this doll incident leaves all earlier shocks far behind. It is the most daring expedient for raising laughter that has been seen on the English stage since the days of the Restoration dramatists.

The way of it is this. Staying in the house of Mr. Rippingill are a newly-married couple. The husband, a journalist, pretends that he has work to do every morning and afternoon, and that he requires his wife's assistance. "I dictate notes to Christabel as I read," he says.

Mr. Rippingill, however, knows better. He has surprised them by entering the room suddenly, and has found Christabel sitting on the sofa with her husband's head on her shoulder. So, being of a "humorous" turn of mind, he invents a little trap for them.

He attaches a string to the sofa, bores a hole in the floor of the room through to the room below, carries the string down, and ties a grotesque doll to it. The doll, he calculates, will move whenever the sofa is at all agitated. "Even a kiss, the gentlest pressure of the hand should provide a shiver."

#### Should be Prohibited.

But the doll does not merely shiver. It writhes and jumps and wriggles for minutes together, not only when the newly-married pair are in the room above, but also when Rippingill's wife is there with a young man and when Rippingill is there herself with another woman.

A well-known "first-nighter" (not a professional critic) gave it as his opinion yesterday that the Censor of Plays should at once prohibit the continuance of this episode.

"If he does not," said this authority on plays to a *Mirror* representative, "it is absurd to have a Censor at all. I saw this trick in a low French farce years ago, but I never thought to see such a spectacle upon our stage."

### STAGE CENSOR'S VIEW.

Bure Mr. Pinero Had No Intention of Being Suggestive.

Interviewed upon the subject, Mr. George Redford, his Majesty's Examiner of Plays, says:—

"I am perfectly certain—without a shadow or vestige of doubt—that Mr. Pinero, who is well known to me, and whom I highly esteem, had not the slightest intention of what I may call nastiness in the situations of his play, 'A Wife Without a Smile.'"

"Until to-day I had never dreamed that such a charge could be made against the author."

"I am responsible for approving the text, and you may be absolutely assured that Mr. Pinero had no sort or kind of intention of nasty suggestiveness."

#### THE OPINIONS OF THE PAPERS.

How the matter struck the dramatic critics the following extracts from the notices of the piece will show:—

"Hovers—or rather doll-dances—perilously near the edge of things not 'convenient.'"—*The Times*.

"At least in doubtful taste."—*Morning Post*.

"It was not an innocent doll—but by no means. . . . It is certainly not in good taste."—*Daily News*.

"Reminiscent of the Palais Royal."—*Daily Express*.

"The laugh brought a blush with it. . . . A most improper puppet."—*Evening News*.

"All this (of the doll) is childish, and some of it worse than childish."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"It does not leave the best possible taste in the mouth; the play might have been written for a Parisian audience."—*Yorkshire Post*.

## BESIEGED MINISTER.

Angry Mob Waits for the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

Yesterday a great crowd of angry working-men again made a hostile demonstration against the Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose plainly-worded opinion of them evidently rankles.

During yesterday's afternoon service at the City Temple men gathered outside the door by which the clergyman generally leaves in Plumtree-court in such numbers that the little street was filled, and the mob overflowed into Farringdon-road and Shoe-lane, while another crowd gathered in Holborn.

Two scores of police and half a dozen plain clothes men, who had been concealed in the lower part of the church, did their utmost to clear the streets of the crowds, but all their efforts were useless. Many ugly-looking rushes took place, as it was now and then rumoured that the drunken preacher was getting away, and shouts and threats became more common.

Mr. Campbell had to lunch in the City Temple, and it was not until the evening that he was able to leave the building.

### GAS AS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

A Clever Invention Which a Little Child Can Apply.

Paradoxical as it may seem, fire can be extinguished by turning on gas.

There is a simple little invention called the "minimax," by which an outbreak of fire may be smothered from a distance of forty feet.

A glass tube in the minimax contains muriatic acid, and this, combining with the other contents of the instrument, produces a gas which quenches flame as if by magic.

The method of using the invention is so simple that a child can employ it.

A tap on the floor breaks the glass tube and liberates the muriatic acid. Then the minimax is grasped by the handle, and its vent is pointed at the flames.

The machine does all the rest. The minimax has only been introduced into England quite recently, but a large demand has already been created for it.

### SEEING LIKE CATS.

Invention That Will Enable Men to See by Night.

A London optician has recently invented a new field glass which enables the user to see at night.

The Russian Government has ordered a large number of these glasses to help their soldiers and sailors to detect those masters of night attacks—the Japanese.

The chief point about this invention is that the man using them must have his eyes altered. It is well known that cats can see in a very dim light, because the pupils of their eyes dilate, and thus receive more light rays than those of a man.

In the ordinary way the pupils of a man's eyes do not receive nearly all the rays that come through a pair of glasses, because they are too small. To overcome this difficulty Mr. Aichison, the well-known optician, who invented these glasses, has arranged them to suit the sight of a man the pupils of whose eyes have been artificially dilated by a drug (atropine).

Thus, using them, a watcher will be able to see exactly as a cat does, though in an ordinary light his eyes will be, for the time being, rendered practically useless.

### SURPRISED BY DETECTIVES.

Supposed Burglars' Drive Rudely Interrupted.

A smart capture of a gang of five men, believed to be the burglars who broke into the house of Barnett-road, Tottenham, while the occupants, two elderly ladies, were on their holidays, has been effected by two detectives.

A few weeks after the burglary Detective-sergeants Dixon and Kenward were crossing the High-road, Tottenham, when four men drove along in a car. Their movements were so suspicious that the officers approached them, where upon two of them sprang from the car and made off, but were captured after a chase by Dixon, while Kenward and another detective secured the other two.

The fifth man was arrested later. A number of the old coins and small articles belonging to the ladies have been traced to the possession of several of the men.

Yesterday at Tottenham the five men were committed for trial.

### DECAPITATED BY HIS ENGINE.

While an engine-driver named Gleeson was lubricating his locomotive at Waterford yesterday it started suddenly, and the unfortunate man was decapitated by the outside connecting-rod.

## GAVE AWAY GOLD.

Victim of Religious Mania Distributes His Money.

Inhabitants of Ramsgate have lately been most pleasantly surprised by unexpected gifts of money.

Mr. Robert William Taylor, a young man who has been staying in that town with his mother, has for several days past been walking through the streets making substantial gifts to people whose appearance happened to please him.

He is of independent means, and his gifts have in some instances been very considerable. He is known to have given £5 in this way to one man.

The cause of this strange proceeding was religious mania. His behaviour was brought to the notice of the police, and he was brought privately before the magistrates yesterday, and was sent to Chatham Asylum.

At the time of his arrest, he said he was under the impression that in giving money away he was acting in accordance with the principles of Christianity.

### ELEVEN SKULLS IN A FIELD.

Gruesome Discovery by the Side of the Railway at Leyton.

Eleven human skulls and a number of other human bones have been found in a stream near Leyton Railway Station.

Whether they are grim signs of some tragedy or relics dating from long years ago has not been determined. The field through which the stream runs has long been used as a place to shoot rubbish, and the police believe that the bones were dug up during some excavations in London and shot down without being noticed.

But a quantity of old lime has recently been deposited there, and it is suggested that the bones had been placed in this to hide traces of some grisly crime or crimes.

The first skull was found by a workman, and others were pulled out of the water by some boys playing by the bank of the stream.

All the remains the police could find have now been removed to the local mortuary, and an inquest will probably be held within the next few days.

### MEDAL FOR MR. CARNEGIE.

Steel Magnates Leaving England to Visit President Roosevelt.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Sir James Kitson, and 150 members of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain will leave Euston Station at noon to-day en route for New York per ss. Celtic.

At the International Conference, which will be held in New York on October 24, Sir James Kitson will present Mr. Carnegie with the Bessemer gold medal.

President Roosevelt will receive Sir James Kitson and his colleagues at Washington on October 29.

After the reception by the President of the United States the steel masters will visit the St. Louis Exhibition and Niagara Falls as the guests of their American confères.

### STOOD TO HIS POST.

Heroic Engineer Risks a Terrible Fate to Avert Disaster.

Thomas Protheroe's name must be added to the long list of humble heroes who have risked their lives to avert disaster.

He is an engineer at the Bertie and Trevor pits of the Merthyr Lewis collieries. While he was at work the huge flywheel in the fan house, which was revolving at a tremendous speed, burst, wrecking the engine house.

Among the flying fragments of the broken wheel and the falling debris, Protheroe stuck gamely to his post and shut off steam. But for his plucky action the consequences of the accident would have been far more serious.

He narrowly escaped with his life. When help arrived he was found lying unconscious by his engine, with a serious wound in his head.

Between 1,500 and 2,000 miners will be thrown out of work by the accident.

Luckily work had ceased when it occurred, or many must have been killed, for great fragments of the wheel were thrown over fifty yards.

### CHILD'S LOST MEMORY.

Although her life was at first despaired of, Violet Jeffrey, the seven-year-old child who was the victim of a murderous attack in her home at Shepherd's Bush, was sufficiently recovered to be present at West London Court yesterday. She said she could remember nothing of the occurrence.

The Magistrate: Do you remember anything happening on that day?

The little girl: I only remember coming home from school.

Her alleged assailant, Edward Augustus Freeman, was committed for trial.

## LADY CURZON WORSE.

No Operation Owing to Her Weakness.

### THREE OTHER PATIENTS.

The nation that has watched by Lady Curzon's bedside through all these weeks of anxiety will regret to learn that the patient's condition continues to be grave, and causes much anxiety.

It was reported last night that, owing to her ladyship's great weakness, no further operation would be performed.

It is a strange fact that since Lady Curzon's illness two members of the household have been removed to the local hospital and operated upon for appendicitis.

It was also stated last night that a third case had occurred in the household.

Owing to these sad happenings a great shadow hangs over Walmer Castle, and all manner of theories are about as to the cause of the maladies.

It is happily not thought that the other cases are dangerous, though appendicitis is a disease that it is at all times difficult to check.

The eminent doctors at the castle are naturally greatly exercised about the matter, and exhaustive inquiries are being made.

Everyone expresses the keenest sympathy with Lord Curzon, who bears on his face the evidences of the strain to which he has been subjected during his long period of his wife's illness.

His lordship is having everything possible done on behalf of the other sufferers.

### TRACKING TWO TRAMPS.

Young Frank Allwood's Assassins Still at Large.

The reported arrest of two men at Faringdon for the murder of Frank Allwood, at Tackley, last week, appears to be premature.

Neither the police at Oxford nor at Woodstock, in which division the murder took place, have received any information of the supposed capture.

On the contrary, the Oxfordshire police, aided by those of adjoining counties, are relaxing none of their efforts to track the murderers, and every suspicious-looking tramp is detained and questioned. The police theory is that young Allwood was seized by the throat and dragged in a half-dead condition to the shed where his body was discovered, and that the murderers there completed their cruel work by a terrific blow on the head with the formidable stake which was found in the shed.

As soon as the permission of the Home Office is obtained the police will offer a reward for information which shall lead to the arrest of the murderers.

### KILLED BY SQUILLS.

Should Chemists Sell Cough Mixture Without Prescription?

Charles Reade drank threepennyworth of cough mixture, compounded of squills and aniseed, and died next morning.

In the coroner's court a connection was established between the two incidents, and the chemist who supplied the draught without a doctor's prescription was censured.

London chemists object to this stricture passed on one of their number, maintaining that such a mixture could not cause death.

"The deceased," said a Strand chemist, "was probably suffering from pneumonia or some acute form of lung disease."

"The truth of the matter is that coroners are generally old medical practitioners, and they love the chemist as much as the Devil loves holy water."

### UNBURSTABLE TYRES.

The newly-invented cotton fabric tyre of immense strength, announced the other day, will resist a bursting strain of 1,000lb. to the square inch.

The secret lies in the elaborate machinery to be built in England from the drawings of Mr. Hyatts, the inventor.

In the course of a few weeks tyres will be turned out to any size and without a join.

### SAVED 431 LIVES.

Since January 1 this year the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has granted awards for the saving of 431 lives from wrecks round our coasts.

This was stated at yesterday's meeting of the Committee of Management. During the same time the lifeboats were launched to aid vessels in distress on 213 occasions.

Mr. Joseph King has not given up hopes that he may eventually represent the Isle of Thanet in Parliament.



## ADVERTISEMENT LURE.

Budding Actors Duped by a  
"Millionaire's Romance."

By means of an alluring advertisement, which they inserted in various theatrical papers, Charles Thomas, a waiter, and Frances Thomas, a waitress, defrauded five persons who responded to it. Yesterday, at Clerkenwell Sessions, the man was sentenced to six months' hard labour, and arrangements made for the girl to be taken care of by her mother.

The advertisement was worded as follows:—

WANTED, Lady and Gentleman, amateur or novice: good appearance, careful study; willing to accept small salary to commence; no premium—Write fully, with photograph if possible, to Miss G. Edwards, Marylebone-street, W.

To persons who answered the advertisement the prisoners sent a letter which bore the following heading:—

Miss Grace Edwards's Co.: "A Millionaire's Romance."

The advertisers offered to assign people parts providing they guaranteed their attendance by forwarding a deposit, but, said counsel for the prosecution, the only existing in the fertile imagination of the prisoner.

A detective stated that the man, after serving six weeks' imprisonment for similar frauds, had worked as a waiter at Blackpool, where he made the acquaintance of the girl, and she was prepared to make any sacrifice for the man's benefit. She did not desire to throw any blame upon him for her position, and was ready to devote her life and future to him.

## "WANTED TO GET RID OF HIM."

Cripple To Be Tried for the Murder of  
His Infant Nephew.

The young cripple, Albert James Holmes, who is alleged to have murdered his infant nephew with a poker at Tottenham on Sunday, the 2nd inst., was committed for trial at the local police court yesterday.

Holmes looked pale and rather downcast, and showed little interest in the proceedings.

The prisoner's mother admitted that her husband once tried to commit suicide. He disappeared about eighteen and a-half years ago and went to Chicago, from which place he sent a letter saying "Good-bye for ever."

Thomas Holmes, brother of the prisoner, said that a few days before the murder he said to his brother: "If you cannot appreciate the kindness shown to you, you had better clear out. In fact, you had better be out before I come off duty, or I will put you out."

The prisoner replied with some remark "about the lot of them wanting to get rid of him."

Holmes pleaded not guilty.

## PREFERRED DEATH TO DOCTOR.

Dying Woman Refuses to Receive  
Medical Attention.

Lying dangerously ill after giving birth to a child, Emily Susan Binks, the wife of a labourer living at Prittlewell, near Southend, exclaimed, when told that her condition was critical, "Let me die trusting in the Lord."

She was a member of the sect known as the "Peculiar People," and at the inquest yesterday a doctor stated that had the woman had medical attendance at the proper time her life would have been saved. He was not called in until she was on the point of death, when she had been losing blood for not less than twenty-four hours.

A nurse stated that the woman would not allow a doctor to be called in. The coroner adjourned the inquiry.

## SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

## "DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of new events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Cannon-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of new events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, land-slides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

## "I'M SURE TO BE MURDERED!"

Miss Farmer, Who Was Strangled in Her Shop,  
Had a Remarkable Premonition of Her Fate.

The tragic story of the murder of Miss Farmer, the elderly spinster newsagent, who was bound and gagged and strangled to death at her shop in Commercial-road, Stepney, has struck consternation into the great heart of the East End.

Throughout yesterday little else was discussed. People stood in groups outside the closed premises and debated the latest developments of the tragedy with eager interest.

Five men were arrested on suspicion and taken to Leman-street Police Station, but all were subsequently liberated. Meanwhile the police are understood to be in search of a man who frequently purchased papers at the shop.

For two hours yesterday afternoon the story of the crime engaged the attention of Mr. Wynne Baxter, the coroner for the district.

## Crowds Attend the Inquest.

A large crowd assembled outside the court in Horseferry-road, but since admission was by ticket only, the grief-stricken relatives of the dead woman and a large muster of Pressmen formed the bulk of the attendance.

Gravely the jurymen filed out to view the body, which reposed inside the mortuary. The features of the murdered woman bore a peaceful smile. Stepney is one of the few places in England which has adopted the method in vogue at the Paris Morgue of separating the dead from the living by a glass partition.

An elaborate plan of the premises occupied by Miss Farmer was first produced by the police, and handed to the jury, who carefully examined it. It was explained that there were nineteen wooden steps from the shop to the first floor, a distance of 28ft., twisting and turning in the form of a circle. "Two of the uprights of the banisters were broken," remarked the police-officer, "and one looked a recent fracture. The splinters were lying at the bottom of the stairs."

A ruddy-faced, white-haired old gentleman, with mutton-chop whiskers, was the next witness. This was Mr. James Farmer, the brother of the dead woman. He was dressed in deep mourning.

For her great safety it was this witness's name which appeared above the dead woman's shop in the Commercial-road.

"My sister formerly lived with my brother Thomas, but since his death, three years ago, she has lived alone," he informed the coroner.

Mr. Farmer apparently knew little of his sister's affairs. "She was a very secretive woman," he added, speaking with much emotion, "and I cannot say whether she kept much money in the house or not."

## Brother Told of Her Premonition.

Then came the sensation of the afternoon. "My sister told me she was sure that if she stopped in her house much longer she would be murdered there."

Hand to ear, jurymen bent eagerly forward to catch the witness's almost inaudible words. Ladies at the back of the court, dressed in deep mourning, sobbed.

The witness, evidently deeply affected, proceeded. "She said she was assaulted on May 4. A man hit her with a bag containing sand and

stones, and then, being disturbed by the appearance of a customer, brushed him aside and rushed out."

"On two or three occasions there have been disturbances at the shop, and people have tried to slip off with the money."

His sister never cared for company, though she had two or three friends. A man named Bevan frequently called to see her, and walked out with her on Sundays.

Another brother, Mr. Edgar Newton Farmer, who drove up to the court in a carriage and pair, was the next witness. He is a handsome man, of middle-age, and wore a smartly-cut frock-coat. He has retired from business and resides in Upper Clapton-road.

"I last saw my sister about three months ago," he said, "when she told me about the assault."

This witness repeated his sister's words. "Having opened the door," she said, "a man followed me into the shop and asked for a halfpenny paper, and, when turning round to get it, I felt a blow on my head."

"You wretch," I cried, and made a little commotion, and my assailant darted from the shop and disappeared down Old Church-road."

The witness continued, "I went and offered her a home, but she declined to leave her old shop. She described the man who attacked her as a tall man with a light brown moustache, and said she recognised him as an old customer who had been to prison for eighteen months."

"A previous assault had been made on my sister, when a man attempted to smash the till by leaning over the counter. In the struggle she was thrown on the pavement and severely bruised."

## Often Asked to Marry.

Her gentleman acquaintance, witness added, "had often asked her to marry him. He is a man just over forty."

Mr. C. G. Grant, a medical practitioner, of Commercial-road, and the police divisional surgeon, who was sworn in Scotch fashion, gave a description of the room as he saw it when called to the scene of the tragedy. Drawers were open, contents strewn about, and a chair overturned.

In great detail the witness described the appearance of the body. "The lips were torn, the tongue was badly cut by the teeth in the woman's dying struggles; the arms were bruised, there was an abrasion on the chin, and marked congestion of the vessels of the neck. The lungs also gave indications of suffocation."

"In my opinion," added the doctor, "the cause of death was due to the mechanical obstruction of the air-passages."

In order to enable the police to complete their inquiries, the inquest was adjourned for a week.

As the jury were leaving the box a black-bearded, middle-aged man made a vigorous protest against the exclusion of the public from the court, when the murder was the one subject of discussion in the district, and the question of more police protection was one of the greatest importance.

The Coroner's Officer replied that on account of the mob outside they would not let anybody in except those who had business there.

The interrupter, with the intimation that he had served on the vestry, grew indignant, and was eventually marched out by a constable.

## FLATTERING HIS CAPTOR.

Burglar Compliments the Policeman  
Who Caught Him on a Roof.

Two policemen, after climbing on to the roof of a tobacconist's shop in Knightsbridge in the early hours of yesterday morning, found Edward Barry and William Stone lying at full length on the tiles. Stone had his head through the skylight and was prising off the iron bars with a jemmy.

Finding his retreat cut off, Stone turned to his companion and exclaimed, "Shall I down him?" indicating one of the constables. Barry replied, "No; lie low."

The policeman obtained assistance, and got their prisoners down a ladder into the street. On the way to the police station Stone remarked to the constable who was escorting him, "You're a clever man to capture us, and your mate is lucky to be alive to tell the tale."

The constables later in the day told the story of the men's arrest to the Marlborough-street magistrate and the two prisoners were remanded.

## INNOCENT MEN OFFEND.

Caught in a public-house at Hounslow during prohibited hours on Sunday three men gave false addresses to the police. Investigations showed, however, that the men were bona-fide travellers, as they had all passed the previous night outside a three-mile radius from the public-house in question.

But for giving false addresses, thereby causing the police unnecessary trouble, they were each fined half-a-crown at Brentford Police Court yesterday.

## VORACIOUS LODGER.

Landlady's Description of a Peculiar  
Appetite.

Sued at Lowestoft County Court by a widow named Hilder for 35s. 6d., for his board and lodgings, an elderly lodger named Mothersole told Judge Wilnot that he had bought legs of pork and mutton for the landlady's table, as the board had been so inferior.

The landlady declared that Mothersole's appetite was not that of a man, but a monster. He was like a pig. He had pork for his breakfast, pork for his dinner, and supper, all the week. He would have pork all the time, and he picked the bones at last.

His Honour: It's a wonder he could look a pig in the face.

Mothersole said he left the house because there were cats on the table, and he also had a dispute about his washing bill.

The Judge decided to allow the defendant 3s. 6d. for his contribution to the landlady's table, and gave judgment for 32s. 6d. for the widow.

## STOWAWAYS' FEAST ON EGGS.

Two young Germans, who concealed themselves on board the steamer Benbow during its voyage from Hamburg to London, and consumed nearly one hundred eggs out of two cases which they broached, were handed over to the German authorities in London by the Thames magistrate yesterday. One was to be sent back to his own country and the other to the German farm colony.

## LONDON'S TEMPTATIONS.

North-Country Youth Comes to  
Grief.

"He gave way to the temptations of London and went on the spree, visiting music-halls and entertaining people to suppers."

This was the explanation given at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday for the appearance in the dock of Andrew Graham Stuart Ackeroyd, a well-dressed youth of seventeen, who was accused of obtaining money by false pretences from John Richards and Constance Beaumont. A lad of eighteen named John Dennis, who had acted as Ackeroyd's clerk, was also charged, but Ackeroyd wished to take all responsibility in connection with the charge, and the Judge discharged Dennis.

It was stated by a detective that Ackeroyd, who came from Newcastle-on-Tyne, was put into business by his mother as a coal merchant. Instead of carrying on his own trade, he opened a betting agency. When his funds were exhausted he passed cheques and came to London. His mother met the cheques, which amounted to £40 or £50.

In London he became associated with women, and gave them cheques after he had exhausted his banking account.

The Judge, in postponing sentence, said he was glad to find Ackeroyd had seen what punishment in goal was like by being detained for three weeks. He thought, however, he ought to suffer more because he had persisted in disregarding what his mother had warned him about.

## MUTUAL DISSATISFACTION.

Widow and ex-Policeman Regret a  
Hasty Compact.

A widow, who asked a Metropolitan policeman to become her lodger, is now sorry for it.

Yesterday, at the Clerkenwell Sessions, the widow, Mrs. Fanny Fiege, said she had been treated shamefully by the constable, Alfred Bee, who was indicted for stealing three rings and some other things from her.

After leaving the force, she said, Bee became her lodger, and assisted her in a provision shop near the Gray's Inn-road.

The business did not pay, and she went away, leaving her goods in the ex-policeman's care. "While I was away," she said, "he pawned them."

In an emotional manner Mrs. Fiege appealed to Bee to give her back her first and second husband's rings.

Bee said the widow had induced him to leave the force and go as her lodger. He did pledge the articles because he was short of money.

Mr. Grain: You sent her a letter saying: "There are times I have acted as a brute to you—a poor way of showing gratitude."

Bee: We had a struggle one night because she would not go out of my room, and her arm was bruised.

The jury acquitted the prisoner.

## LOVE-SICK YOUTH.

Impulsive Porter Advised Not To  
"Worry Over One Girl."

Promising not to repeat the offence again, John Elliott, a porter, eighteen years of age, who had made an attempt to commit suicide by wetting his lips with tincture of ammonia, was discharged from custody at West London Police Court yesterday.

Elliott said that he had had trouble with a girl, and the prison doctor certified that he was not insane, but only "a love-sick, impulsive youth."

Mr. Rose: What a foolish man to worry over one girl, when there are plenty more girls in the world!

## JUDGED BY HIS SLANG.

In the hope of inducing the Chairman at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday to believe he was innocent of the attempted burglary for which he was being tried, Thomas Allen, a well-dressed youth, handed a letter to him.

But the document disclosed such familiarity with thieves' slang that Mr. MacCormac unhesitatingly sent Allen to twelve months' hard labour.

For the Blood is the Life.

**Clarke's Blood Mixture**

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER, is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.



# GLEANINGS BY WIRE AND TELEPHONE.

Two new corridor boat trains are to be built for the Continental traffic to Dover.

The new diocese of Birmingham will have 129 parishes, 271 clergy, and a population of over 900,000.

The body of Commander Melville, of H.M.S. *Thetis*, who was drowned in Portland Harbour while proceeding in a steam pinnace to his ship, has been recovered.

## SCALPED BY ELECTRICITY.

Through the bursting of a transformer at the Formby electric-power station on the Liverpool and Southport Railway, an attendant on the rotary had his scalp singed completely bare of hair.

He was otherwise badly burnt, and the current was stopped for upwards of an hour, blocking all traffic.

## RECREATION GROUND STOCKS.

In days gone by when the inhabitants of Rawdon desired recreation they betook themselves to the village stocks to gibe at any unfortunate wretches legged in them.

Now that the stocks are no longer in use to the deterrence of wrongdoers they are appropriately placed in the district council recreation ground.

## CRICKET CLUB'S JOURNEYS.

There is a cricket club with headquarters in London which plays all its games in New York, and travels 6,000 miles each annual match.

It is composed entirely of stewards on board the Atlantic liner *Minnehaha*, and at the annual dinner at the Three Nuns, Aldgate, it was announced that five matches had been played, three being won and two lost.

## BLACK FOXES.

Followers of the Bedale Hunt are perturbed at the knowledge that on an estate, formerly the property of the Duke of Cleveland, there is a litter of black foxes.

Local superstition foretells disaster to those who gallop after a black quarry, and is strengthened by a disastrous run of the Bilsdale hounds after a black fox, when two members of the hunt were killed.

## COUNTY COURT BEAR GARDEN.

Speaking at the Law Society's provincial meeting at Southsea Mr. Arthur Browne, of Nottingham, made a scathing attack on County Court Judges.

He said some had one leg in the bankruptcy court and another in the asylum. Some were incompetent, and others had objectionable manners. One court he knew was a perfect bear garden, into which litigants were afraid to enter.

## THIEVES' HEARTY MEAL.

Half a ham, spiced cakes, twenty bottles of beer, and three bottles of whisky, between 3 and 3 a.m., suggests dyspepsia and remorse.

The thieves who consumed this meal after stealing £4 from the till of the Rising Sun, a trust company's public-house at Fulwood, Sheffield, have, however, not suffered sufficiently from remorse to give themselves up to the police, who have no clue as to their whereabouts.

## MR. CARNEGIE, BEWARE!

At the West Ham Hospital committee meeting Mr. A. W. Scrivenor, the secretary, said that a lady visitor to the hospital had made an entry in the visitors' book of a rather peculiar nature.

She suggested that Mr. Carnegie should be invited to look over the institution, and when there he should be locked in a room and not let out until he had promised £10,000 towards the fund that is being raised for the extension of the hospital.

## TOO CENSORIOUS AGE.

The Mayor of Blackburn, Councillor Hartley, in opening a bazaar, remarked on the action he had taken as chairman of the Watch Committee in instructing the police to stop raffling.

He said that personally he was sorry that a too censorious age had done away with raffling. He would do anything to stop betting, but he thought a line might have been drawn between betting and raffling.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Lieutenant-General Lyttelton yesterday unveiled in York Minster a brass tablet framed in alabaster recording the losses of the West Yorkshire Regiment in South Africa.

"Well commanded, well officered, with a fine type of fighting men in the ranks," he said, "the battalion proved itself fit for any emergency."

The Dean of York received the tablet and the ceremony was largely attended, the 2nd Battalion sending 150 men from Belfast.

## RESPECT FOR WORK.

The Home Industries Exhibition was opened yesterday in Edinburgh by Miss Annie Swan, the novelist, who, in her opening speech, said the title of the exhibition appealed specially to her mind, as she stood before them avowedly as an apostle of the gospel of work.

She would like to see some return if possible to the old times in Scotland. The old respect of their forefathers for work, if it could be restored, would be something gained in the right direction.

From the 1901 Exhibition at Glasgow the Finance Committee yesterday reported a surplus of £26,000.

Sir A. Nicolson, British Minister to Madrid, left Victoria yesterday to take up his new duties.

Mr. Richards, Labour candidate for West Monmouth, has informed the Labour Council that he favours a tax on German steel.

In consequence of the serious illness of his wife, Mr. A. E. Barry will not contest Wandsworth in the Liberal interest.

Captain Martin, manager of the Wallasey Ferries, will be recommended for appointment by the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C. as manager of the new Thames steamboat service.

## "FISCAL TORTURE."

Physical culture has recently been introduced into some of the schools at Cardiff to the delight of the children, but the innovation does not meet with the approval of all the parents.

The following letter was, says the "Western Mail," handed to a teacher by one of the scholars: "To Miss Jones.—You must leave off teachin' my little girl fiscal torture. She needs yet restin' and figgers, and sums more as that. If I want her to do your jumpin' I kin make her jump.—Yours truly, Mrs. Brown."

## TO MARCH TO THE WORKHOUSE.

At Bradford the number of the unemployed is assuming alarming proportions.

At a most orderly meeting the men decided that unless the corporation made a sincere attempt to deal with the matter they would create such a ballaboo that the whole kingdom would know their poverty and destitution.

It was suggested that a thousand of the unmarried men, who had no votes to lose, should march in a body to the workhouse and demand admittance.

## LAW TO PROTECT SLUGGARDS.

A meeting of the Cardiff Watch Committee has been held to consider a resolution passed by the Glamorgan and Carmarthen Baptist Association that newspaper sellers' cries on Sunday should be stopped.

Mr. Chappell, a member of the committee, sympathetically remarked that it was impossible in the street he lived in to get any sleep after nine o'clock, and by-laws are being prepared to protect the sanctity of Sunday morning slumbers.

## KILLED BY ACORNS.

Eating acorns has caused the death of a school-boy named Percival at Winslow, Cheshire.

He was home on a holiday, and died suddenly in the night, and an examination showed that a meal of acorns had caused perforation and appendicitis.

At the inquest the coroner hoped the case would be a warning to other voracious boys.

## UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

It was stated at the meeting of the creditors of the ex-City Marshal that his failure was attributed to liabilities on bills accepted by him without any consideration.

An evening paper has, with delightful unconscious humour, described this in a headline as "Evil wrought by want of thought."

## FATAL MOTOR-CAR SMASH.

In attempting to pass a tramcar at Sheffield a motor-car ran into and smashed a small cart laden with firewood.

Two boys pushing the cart were severely injured. One died in a few minutes with a fractured skull, and the other had his lower jaw broken.

Mrs. Berkeley, of Leeds, stated to be 108 years old, has suffered the loss of her third husband.

For setting a borzoi at a man, William Woodhead, of Battersea, has been fined 30s. at the South-Western Court.

For the late Mr. R. W. H. H. Hudson, the brilliant senior wrangler, who lost his life on Snowdon, a memorial service was held at St. John's College, Cambridge, yesterday.

## LONGEVITY IN THE FENS.

Although many people have a craze for living on the top of a hill there are innumerable instances of longevity in the Fen districts.

The Rev. F. Jackson, the vicar of Parson Drove, near Wisbech, has died, after being incumbent sixty years, and during the last two hundred years this Fen parish has only had four clergymen.

## WINTER SPINACH IN.

The prickly-leaved winter spinach is in. Like its brother, the summer smooth-leaved variety, it has been cultivated in English gardens from time immemorial.

It is said to have originally hailed from Persia, and spinach was undoubtedly employed for medicinal purposes by the ancient Arabian physicians.

## ROYAL PUMPKINS.

Amongst the vegetables placed in the porch at the harvest festival at Esher parish church were three enormous pumpkins sent from Claremont by the Duchess of Albany. One of them weighed 60lb., and the two others scaled 60lb. apiece.

Her Royal Highness also sent a large cross of splendid grapes, which adorned the altar table.

## NOVEL ROADSIDE NOTICES.

Richmond Workhouse is now full, and the guardians have decided to take steps to stop the constant incursion of vagrants.

Notices are to be posted on all the main roads leading to the borough intimating to tramps that it will be futile to apply for admission to the casual wards.

## COLONIES FOR LUNATICS.

Lunatics are increasing at such a rapid rate that their care becomes a difficult problem for county authorities.

The Lancashire Asylums Board has decided to erect a new building at Blackburn, an asylum for 2,000 inmates on the colony system, which is a new departure in the treatment of the insane in this country.

## BIRMINGHAM TRAGEDY.

A terrible tragedy occurred at Birmingham yesterday evening. John Davis, aged sixty-seven, gun-maker, being fatally shot in the abdomen by a fellow-workman in the pistol factory.

The master, Henry Holmes, was explaining to the workmen the workmanship of a revolver when the weapon, which was not known to be loaded, went off.

## AMBULANCE CORPS' SURPRISE.

In response to an urgent summons about twenty Dover members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade arrived at Kearsney Station, two miles from Dover, last night, bringing with them splints, bandages, list, etc., sufficient to render first aid to a large number of injured people. The first member arrived twenty minutes after the summons, and the others in rapid succession.

They were surprised on being met by their superintendant and informed that the summons was a test of how soon they could reach the scene of an accident.

## IDEAS FOR WORK.

### Guardians to Discuss Means of Alleviating Distress.

The important Conference of Metropolitan Boards of Guardians convened by Mr. Walter Long, the President of the Local Government Board, to consider the unemployed question opens to-day in Whitehall.

The conference recalls the proposals made in 1892, when the Local Government Board made a number of suggestions for providing employment for those temporarily out of work.

Among the suggestions made were:—

Spade husbandry on sewage farms.  
Laying out new open spaces, recreation grounds, new cemeteries.

Cleansing streets not usually undertaken by local authorities.  
Laying out and paving new streets, etc.

Paving of unpaved streets and making of footpaths in country roads.  
Providing or extending sewerage or works of water supply.

This conference, however, has been called as a precautionary measure, Mr. Long being desirous of knowing what the boards of guardians propose to do in the event of the distress becoming acute. As a matter of fact, the Local Government Board does not think the situation so alarming as has been stated, and does not propose to carry out any scheme.

The object of the conference is to prevent confusion in regard to measures of relief, and enable the Poor Law authorities throughout the Kingdom to ply their efforts to the best possible advantage.

## CRAWLING CARS.

### Complaints That Electric Tramecars Are Too Slow.

Passengers on the southern tramway lines belonging to the London County Council complain of the police interference in the running of the cars.

"Last Saturday," writes a correspondent, "there were fifteen trams 'pulled up' at Clapham for going at excessive speeds. I think those in authority are too officious, and favour the millionaire's motor-car and ignore the working man's tram."

"The scheduled time between Westminster Bridge and Tooting, a distance of six miles, is forty minutes, and the 'terrific' speed to Clapham was six and three-quarter miles an hour. Very often the electric cars only beat the old horse-cars by a few minutes."

Another correspondent, who signs himself "Working Man," asks what benefit the enormous outlay of public money will bring if the electric cars save passengers only a minute a mile.

Time is money, and speed is a serious consideration with the working classes.

Inquiry at the County Council offices resulted in the following explanation:—The Council have no powers to control the speed of the cars. The limit is laid down by the Board of Trade, and varies according to the section of the line on the different routes. Twelve miles an hour is the maximum running time and the minimum eight.

Thus the Council, which has spent nearly £2,000,000 of public money on the tramway system, has no control over their speed, which is regulated by the Board of Trade and the police.

## WHISKY THAT SELLS MEN.

### Indignant Americans Wreck Saloons That Sell Bad Liquor.

A cablegram from New York announces that considerable excitement has been caused there through a number of persons having been poisoned with bad whisky. As a consequence there have been riotous scenes, and several liquor saloons have been wrecked by the angry mob.

The whisky is manufactured in large quantities in the Bowery district of New York from wood alcohol and old indiarubber stamps, which give it the proper indescribable flavour.

The decoction is then coloured with cochineal and burnt sugar.

For the special consumption of gentlemen, steamship firemen, and Klondike miners cayenne pepper or vitriol is added to the choice blend in order that the drinker may feel the burning sensation as the liquor goes down his throat.

This kind of whisky is known as "Forty Rod" or "Chain Lightning," from its swiftness in killing the healthiest and strongest men in the country.

In Dawson City, Klondike, the great, burly men come down from their claims to the city and often lapse into insensibility after one large glass of "Chain Lightning," it being days before they properly recover.

In the slums of New York and other American cities this whisky is sold for five cents (2½d.) a glass. Good liquor costs 5d. or 7½d. per glass.

The unscrupulous Americans draw the liquor from barrels into bottles bearing the labels of well-known firms, and they cannot be punished.

## Nervous Exhaustion

### How Bishop's Tonules Quickly Restore the Nerves

Are you conscious that your daily work or daily round of pleasure is making too heavy a demand on your nervous system? Are you feeling fatigued, languid, depressed, irritable, worn-out, wanting in confidence and pluck, and do you find it difficult to concentrate your mind on the business before you?

If so, you certainly want something that will pick you up immediately, pull you together, make you feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous, and that something you will find in Bishop's Tonules. They put new life into every organ of the body, they improve the appetite, promote the assimilation of your food, stimulate the liver, increase the flow of bile, completely renew the nerves and assist the building up of the tissues. In short, as a gentleman who has used them writes:—"Bishop's Tonules have made quite a new man of me."

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman Street, Mile End New Town, London, and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug Store, or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, Leeds, foras. rod. post free. Procure a supply to-day, and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

Miss Wiffen, of New Cross, London, writes:—"Bishop's Tonules do all you claim for them. After I had taken them my neuralgia gradually disappeared, my appetite improved, and by degrees the colour came back to my lips and face, and I arise in the morning much brighter and fresher, having lost that heavy, sleepy feeling. I continued the treatment regularly, and day by day, slowly but surely, my condition improved, and now I am enjoying first-rate health and strength." Many similar letters have been received.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
4, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1896 Gerrard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 22s.  
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 18s. 6d.; for twelve months, 35s.; payable in advance.  
Remittances should be crossed "Counts and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1904.

## "OFFICIAL STATEMENTS."

WE shall have to revise the familiar classification of untruths. We shall have to say that there are not three classes, but four—lies, d—d lies, expert evidence, and official statements.

We are moved to propose such a revision at this moment by the Colonial Office denial of the report that Lord Milner will shortly leave South Africa. It is a mere formality. What is thought of it by those who know may be judged by the way the "Times" treats it. Two long South African telegrams are printed confirming the report, and then the denial is contemptuously given in four lines at the end.

Officials think apparently that, since a public office has no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned, it does not matter whether it respects the truth or not. They make statements in their capacity as servants of the State which they would be ashamed to make as private individuals. In fact, they lose their sense of right and wrong altogether.

When the King was very ill, and on the point of undergoing a grave operation, the public were assured most solemnly that nothing serious was the matter. Whenever a newspaper forestalls an "authorised announcement" of anything, whether it is a royal betrothal or the issue of new buttons for band-boxes, the news is promptly declared to be "without foundation."

A little later on there comes from exactly the same source a confirmation of its accuracy. Does the prim official who has issued both the denial and the confirmation blush for his lack of veracity? Not a bit. Does he offer any apology? Never dreams of it.

He regards telling lies as part of his business. The public is to him a tiresome nuisance, intended by Nature to pay his salary and be hoodwinked by him. It never occurs to his mind that the public pay him solely in order that he may represent their interests. He is certainly not earning his money when he issues official statements which he knows to be untrue.

## NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Have you a cold? Do you feel like falling a victim to influenza once again? If so, you must put it down to the fine summer, so the bacteriologists say.

Microbes flourish more robustly in dry weather than in wet, so the argument runs. This accounted for the exceptional prevalence of germ diseases during the summer itself, and even now the microbes' activity is still producing its baleful effects.

We must recollect, though, that wet weather brings along its own special disadvantages, too. And in any case, who would have been willing to sacrifice a glorious summer just because a few more people than usual fell ill? You wouldn't, would you?—unless, of course, you happened to be one of the ill people yourself!

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by.—Goethe.

## DECIDEDLY EMBARRASSING!



According to the "Outlook," hostesses are becoming considerably embarrassed by the outlandish pets which their guests carry about with them when paying visits to their friends' country houses.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, who was mentioned as a likely successor to Lord Milner, is a person of imposing presence, for he is not only a stout man but tall and of great strength. He is a good all-round sportsman, but his favourite amusement is curling. When the frost falls in Scotland he will often go to Switzerland on purpose to indulge in it. He tells a lovely story of a curling match in which he once took part.

On the rink, be it known, all men are equal—socially if not as players. One side in the match was "skipped" by a manservant, while one of the players under him was his master, a Lord Abercromby. The skipper's duty is to tell his men exactly when to sweep the ice in front of the moving stone. The skipper in question began quite politely, "Sweep (sweep), Mr. Lord Abercromby!"

When the stone had travelled a little farther, the skipper called again, "Sweep, my lord!" A second later it was, "Sweep man!" Then came an agonised yell, "Sweep, ye rascal!" As Lord Balfour tells the story, the word "rascal" is much stronger, and would not look well in print.

Everyone knows all about Mr. Choate, who is to be presented with his portrait because he has been American Ambassador so long. Mrs. Choate's personality is not so familiar. Yet her name is likely to live in history even longer than her husband's. For it was she who got the American Prevention of Cruelty to Children Society founded, and upon the model of this the Rev. Benjamin Waugh started our own.

She was living in New York with little children of her own, and was much pained and distressed because she found out that the child of a neighbour was being terribly ill-used. She consulted the secretary of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, but all he could say was: "However

## NO USE IN THE DAIRY.

A salesman for a bicycle firm met a farmer to whom he tried to sell a bicycle without success. The salesman finally gave him up in despair, but determined to make another effort on his return trip.

A month later he made his way to the farmhouse, only to learn, to his disappointment, that his prospective customer had invested his savings in a cow—an act of folly upon which the salesman was moved to comment.

"Why," he exclaimed, impatiently, "think how easily you might have ridden about the country on a bicycle! You'd look funny riding into town on a cow!"

"Humph!" rejoined the farmer; "I reckon I'd look a damned sight funnier trying to milk a bicycle!"—Harper's Weekly.

cruel the treatment may be, we cannot do anything. The child is not an animal in our sense of the word." So Mrs. Choate set to work to get children protected as well as animals, and established eventually one of the finest beneficent agencies of our time.

That Miss Irene Vanbrugh (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) is not appearing with her husband in Mr. Pinero's new play, is a cause of regret to her many admirers. However, she is always happy "resting," so perhaps our loss is her gain. Fresh air is the prescription which she is always giving to her friends. Given plenty of that she does not see any reason why one should indulge in field sports. She does not even cycle. "A good blow on 'a bus in the morning is the best tonic," is the advice she not only gives but follows herself, and she attributes her good health to the amount of fresh air which she manages to get into her lungs during the day.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero.

ONCE more he has set all the critics by the heels by a questionable scene in one of his plays. He probably does not care, or, if anything, he is pleased, for the last play to which they objected had the record run of all his productions.

Next to his plays, the most remarkable thing about him is his appearance. He looks like the caricatures of him.

He is a little, active man, and would pass anywhere for under forty, though his next birthday will be his fiftieth. But, then, he says himself that he often feels fourteen.

The face is clean-shaven, the eyes dark and piercing, the nose prominent, the forehead extends so far back that it shows under the back of his hat. His most striking feature is his eyebrows. They are enormous, black, and bristling.

His dress, too, accentuates his unusual appearance, and makes it impossible to mistake him for anyone else. Preternaturally shiny hats, large ties, and a proportionately large tie-pin, and plenty of braiding on his coats, are his most favoured details of dress.

When he can be caught he makes a good social lion, but he does not like it, and soon retires to his customary seclusion.

He strongly objects to talking, and never misses an opportunity of holding his tongue. When he has to talk he delivers himself like a telegram.

In spite of his Portuguese extraction, his tastes are typically English. He cycles, he rides, he watches cricket matches, he can "use his hands," and he knows a good dog.

On the subject of his work his chief peculiarity is that he hates to see his plays on the stage, keeps an enormous notebook, and keeps his study as tidy as though it were never used.

So we are to have Sousa back again with his orchestra and haunting marches. We shall be pleased to see him, and he will be pleased to come, for he makes both friends and money here. Some of the friends are what he calls "a trifle too previous," however. Once, while in a western town on tour, he was invited to supper by a lady who had a reputation for "lion-hunting." It came to his ears, however, that she had issued invitations to her friends "to meet Mr. John Philip Sousa," so he decided that he had better refuse.

As his would-be hostess had counted on his accepting, and had held out his name to her friends, she wrote again, and her note ended "but I still hope for the pleasure of your company." To this she received the following terrifying answer: "I have given your kind message to my company, but I regret that only fifty of them will be able to accept your invitation, the rest of them having appointments to keep elsewhere,—Yours truly, John Philip Sousa."

Perhaps the most famous thing that Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., who to-day returns from America with Mr. Redmond, ever did, was to miss a division in the House of Commons. When the bell rang he was taking a bath, and though he tried to struggle into his clothes without drying and rushed to the lobby with only one boot on, he was late. The word was passed round the House that he had declared that such a thing should never happen again, and he has never heard the last of his ambiguous promise.

Mr. George Keppel, who celebrates his thirtieth birthday to-day, is principally famous owing to the social successes of his wife. The King has many friends among women, but with none is he on terms of closer intimacy than Mrs. Keppel. She is a very beautiful woman, but beauty is not the only secret of her social success. Perhaps her witty conversation is one of her greatest charms, and as the teller of a good story she is unrivalled. Then, too, she is always in good spirits, and no one ever remembers to have seen her bored.

## SHE STOOD CORRECTED.

"Muvvie, did God mate centipedes?" The lady fastened on her book again with unseemly haste. "I told you," she said, with a severe glance over the edge of it, "God made everything."

Minnie received this statement with a regretful shake of her golden curls.

"Oh, no, Muvvie!" she said, as if reluctant to contradict, but driven thereto by the fear of leaving her mother under what she considered an erroneous impression. "Not everything; Ee didn't mate wes beds 'is mornin' Biddy did."—From "Two Queens and Their Friends," by Frances Campbell.





# A·DAY'S·HAPPENINGS·

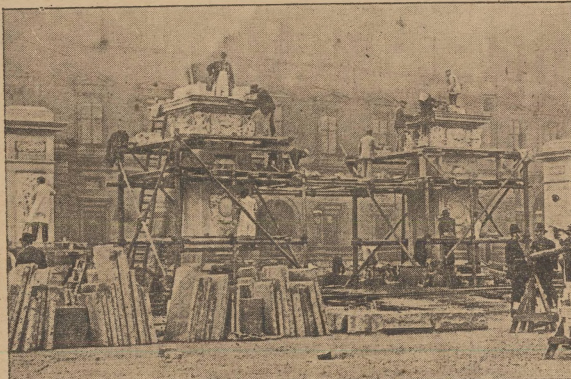


## LOST MEMORY PUZZLE.



The unknown girl, who has completely lost her memory, and has been in Bristol Workhouse since September 25.

## IMPROVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



When the King returns to town again he will be delighted with the rapid progress that has been made in the alterations at Buckingham Palace. This picture shows the beautifully-carved new gateway nearing completion.

## SIDCUP TRAGEDY.

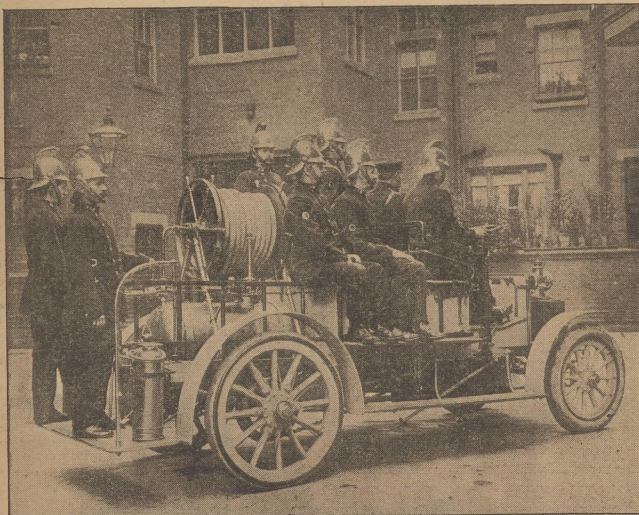


George Brazier, a labourer, of Welling, near Sidcup, who was shot by a gamekeeper. Brazier sustained injuries to his right leg, and has since died.



One of the Russian war in do

## WORLD'S FASTEST FIRE-ENGINE.



Leicester's 24-h.p. Wolseley motor fire-engine, which is believed to be the fastest fire-engine in the world. It travels at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and can start at a second's notice.

## THE MURDERED TOTTENHAM BOY.



The little baby is Thomas Uric Copland, who was murdered at his home at Tottenham. His uncle, Alfred James Holmes, who has confessed to the crime, was charged on remand at Tottenham Police Court yesterday.



Silver Lion-inhabitants, dilapidated

## LONDON'S OUT-OF-WORKS GETTING A LIVING IN A GRAVEYARD.



A group of unemployed waiting their turn to enter the graveyard of St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C., where they earn their dinner by chopping wood.



Rev. Wilson Carlile, rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap, who finds employment for some of London's destitute men.



Here you see some of the men at work in the graveyard tying up the firewood into bundles ready for sale.



It is constructed as a mode through the portholes the of the Russian fleet

## NOVEL JAPA



# NEWS TOLD IN VIEWS

## BATTERED RUSSIAN WARSHIP.



...s, which was considerably damaged by shells from the Japanese guns, lying prior to being repaired.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

## RECEIVING NEWS OF A VICTORY IN TOKIO.



The quaint Eastern method of announcing the news of the progress of the war in Japan. Above are seen some Japanese, in the public square of Tokio, reading the news on the street hoardings of a splendid victory gained by their countrymen in Manchuria.—(Copyright of Collier's Weekly.)

## THE WORST COURT IN LONDON.



Poplar, which was described at an inquest on one of its late died of starvation, as the worst court in London. It is an old, of bricks; and it is said that the police will not enter here alone—if at all.

## MURDERED OXFORD MAN.



Two tramps have been arrested on suspicion of having robbed and murdered this young man, Frank Allwood, of Tackley, Oxfordshire.

## MISS MARGARET HALSTAN ENGAGED.



Miss Margaret Halstan, the popular actress, whose engagement to Mr. John Hartman Morgan, of the Inner Temple, has just been announced.—(Lizzie Caswall Smith.)

## THE PEEP-SHOW.



Japanese battleship, and by looking of Tokio witness the destruction right of Kodak, Ltd.)

## "MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.

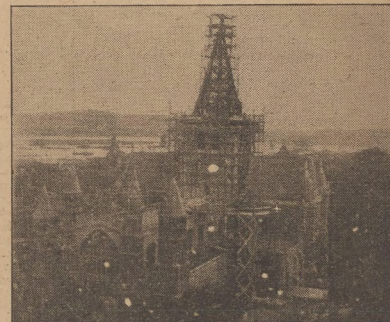


WINNIEFRED ENA THATCHER.



PAUL CHRISTIE, of Hertford.

## IMPROVING ROCHESTER'S CATHEDRAL.



Erecting the new steeple at Rochester Cathedral, to replace the old tower. This steeple was the original design of the cathedral, and the late Dean Hole took an active interest in its construction, and longed to see it completed before his death.



## DOWN ON THEIR LUCK.

Holders of Famous Names Who Have Had  
To Scavage and Cut Hair.

The selling of his coronet and peer's robes by the Marquis of Anglesey suggests a degree of penury beneath which a nobleman could hardly fall. Yet many men born to great names and great wealth have come down far lower in the world than Lord Anglesey.

For instance, a favourite clown in a well-known German circus is the son of an English peer. Only two lives separate him from the title. An engine-driver on one of the great trunk lines to the north is the son of a baronet. A vendor of newspapers, with a "pitch" in Piccadilly, is the younger brother of a well-known man of title.

Lord Lyveden, who recently played the part of "the man from Cook's" to some visitors to the United States and Canada was once, for some time, a waiter in a restaurant in one of the "toughest" parts of New York. When he wanted change he went to South Carolina, where he worked as a fisherman.

Lord Rosslyn, before he went on the stage, was a traveller in wines, in manure, and in agricultural implements. Earl Cairns was for long an ordinary draughtsman at the Elswick Ordnance Works; and the son of an Irish viscount is at the present time chafed at a well-merited rejection of his candidature.

The last Earl of Perth had a grandson known as Lord Drummond. When only fifteen years of age he ran away and shipped as a common sailor aboard a merchant vessel. Stranded in America, he wielded the scissors in a barber's shop. Later he was, by turn, porter in an hotel and city scavenger. Lord Drummond died in a New York hospital in 1887.

Sir Harry Goring, Bart., was a sergeant-major in the Army, from which he retired on a pension in 1886. When he succeeded to the title he was engaged in chopping "plug" behind the counter of a tobacconist's shop in Tamworth.

Sir William Gordon Macgregor (fourth Baronet) was recently married from a workhouse, and Sir Atwell Lake (sixth Baronet) was also forced to enter the union. He ended his days in an almshouse in 1897.

## IDEAS ABOUT WOMEN.

Clever Passages in Mr. Marion Crawford's  
Latest Novel.

A book has to be very cleverly written for it to hold a reader from beginning to end without a really new situation. Mr. Marion Crawford's new book, "Whoever Shall Offend" (Macmillan and Co.), is full of such delightful writing that the reader quite overlooks the fact that Mr. Crawford has evolved nothing new in either situation or character.

Here is a short passage which reveals insight into feminine nature:—

All women are born with the power to put a man into such a position that he must either contradict himself, hold his tongue, or fly into a senseless rage. They do this so easily that even after the experience of a lifetime we never suspect the trap until they pull the strings and we are caught. Then, if we contradict ourselves, woman utters an inhuman cry of triumph and jeers at our unstable posture; if we lose our tempers instead she bursts into tears and calls us brutes; and, finally, if we say nothing, she declares, with a show of reason, that we have nothing to say.

In another place he points out how totally devoid of information is the average woman on the subject of natural phenomena. She is also quite unable to understand the facts of the outdoor life which is summed up to men in the one word "sport."

Very few women do, but those who live much with men generally end by picking up a few useful expressions, a little phrase-book of jargon terms, with which men are quite satisfied. They find out that a fox has no tail, a wild boar has no teeth, a boat no prow, and a yacht no staircase; and this knowledge is better than none.

We get a glimpse of a woman's philosophy of love, as propounded by the one character in the book who breaks away from the regular lines. She is a wild Italian girl from the mountains, full of the primitive and untamed passions. It is in her mouth that the author puts these words:—

Love is not all kisses. There is more. There are tears, but there is more, too. There is pain, there is doubting, there is jealousy, and more than that. There is avarice also, for a woman who loves is a miser, counting her treasures when others sleep. And she would kill anyone who robbed her, and that is murder. Yet there is more—there are all the mortal sins in love, and even then there is worse. For there is this: She will not count her own soul for him she loves, no, not if the saints in Paradise come down weeping and begging her to think of her salvation. And that is a great sin, I suppose.

It is a strong passage, and the book contains many such. No one who reads the book will put it down without having received both pleasure and profit.

## LOVE IN THE CAR.

Romantic Elopements in Which Auto-  
mobiles Have Played a Part.

The West London motor-car elopement which has aroused interest within the last day or two is not by any means the first of its kind. Unfortunately for them, however, the eloping couple did not meet with the same success as the young French couple, who, aided by that renowned French lady automobilist—*me*, Bob Walter, were the pioneers of this method of marriage by capture.

Their story was as follows. A young medical student, by name Maurice Marcile, was betrothed to an attractive young lady, Mlle. Cordelia le Play. The lady's father, however, suddenly withdrew his consent. The lovers were plunged into despair.

Dr. Marcile soon took heart, and planned a daring scheme. On the afternoon of December 5, 1902, in the Avenue de Villars, in Paris, he lay in wait for his beloved.

Presently she appeared on her way to a music lesson, accompanied by her governess and a friend. The ladies were surrounded. Dr. Marcile seized Cordelia in his arms, carried her to where the big red automobile, the fastest and most powerful in Mme. Bob Walter's garage, lay panting to be off; and jumped into it, followed by two men. They started immediately, and were out of sight before any alarm could be given.

One day he was asked to have a motor-car ready at 5 a.m. next morning near the Chateau de Buisson, at Pau. A photograph of a tall, beautiful young woman was handed to him. He was told to take her on board and to start for the cross roads outside the town. This all fell out as arranged, and the happy couple got away safely to St. Sebastian, in Spain, where they were married.

Not long afterwards a chauffeur named Vandoy, who assisted at this sensational elopement, was called upon to aid another pair of lovers. This time he was met by the lady, and drove her away in safety.

One day he was asked to have a motor-car ready at 5 a.m. next morning near the Chateau de Buisson, at Pau. A photograph of a tall, beautiful young woman was handed to him. He was told to take her on board and to start for the cross roads outside the town. This all fell out as arranged, and the happy couple got away safely to St. Sebastian, in Spain, where they were married.

Although planned with elaborate care, and great attention to detail, the elopement of a girl, well known in London society, with her father's chauffeur, had a melancholy result. The pair got safely away, but, unfortunately, left traces behind them, which led to their being followed and captured. The girl lay ill for weeks afterwards, and the father, whose figure is familiar in the hunting world, had to pay his chauffeur £20,000 to give up all pretensions to his daughter's hand. Since then he has given up motor-cars, too.

Another elopement which was successfully carried out, but which had a disastrous result, was that of the man who undertook to repair a motor-car, and, when it was done, eloped on it with his sweet-heart. He was, however, followed, prosecuted for theft, and sent to prison.

Motor-cars, and men in motor gear, appear to have the same attraction for the feminine mind as the darning of the gallants who carried off their brides on horseback or in stage coaches had for women in a past age.

## WHY THERE ARE NO GAMES.

French Schoolmasters Must Pay for Bruised  
Scholars.

One result of the "entente cordiale" has been a growing desire on the part of French parents to have their boys brought up in a way which bears some resemblance to that of the English public schools, and there has been quite a keen agitation on the subject.

It is useless for some to blame the schools, however, for the fault is with the law, and not with the schoolmasters.

Under the present state of things the schoolmasters of a French school are never free from their duties for a moment. When the boys are not in the classroom they are taken for walks in what is known in this country as a "crocodylle"; even when allowed to play in the small school playground they are under the anxious eye of the junior masters.

This is not because either the masters or the boys like it. The reason is that the French law allows the parents of a schoolboy to recover damages from the school for any accident which may happen to their child while under the care of the school.

No French schoolmaster can be expected to allow such games as football and hockey so long as he can be made to pay for every bruise which his pupils may get.

It is not long since a schoolmaster in Paris had to pay £200 because one of his boys cut himself in breaking a window.

At present the only form of athletics at French schools is the gymnastic class. If one of the boys were to break a limb at gymnastics the practice would have to be stopped by the masters for their own sakes.

No, the French people must not blame their schoolmasters, but themselves.

## SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

The following advertisement comes from Queensland:—

X. Y.—begs to notify that he has started business on his own as an up-to-date restaurant, and hopes that many friends will dam well stop away and give him a chance.

## "EVEN SCOTLAND."

The Humour Which Is Denied to  
Exist in the Land o' Cakes.

"Even Scotland has produced some excellent humorists." Thus a New York journal, to the great wrath of all good Scots. "Even Scotland" indeed.

The idea that Scotsmen have no sense of humour dates a long way. Charles Lamb told a story against them in one of his essays. He once showed a picture to a Scotch friend, and asked him, "How do you like my beauty?" The friend said he "had a considerable respect for Lamb's character and talents, but had not given himself much thought about the degree of his personal pretensions."

But this is on a level with the story of a Scotsman who, when someone jokingly said that, to get a joke into a Scotch head, you must fire it off with a cannon, replied, "But, man, ye canna fire off a joke wi' a cannon."

Scotch humour is often a little callous, it is true. An old gentleman, for instance, who was travelling in the stage-coach at Berwick, complained that the rain was pouring through a hole in the roof. "Oo ay," said the driver stolidly, "mony a ane has complained o' that hole."

Again, an inquisitive traveller upon a lonely Highland road, who asked a stone-cutter whether there was much traffic about there, was rewarded with: "Ay, 's no ill at all, there was a cadder body yestreen, and there's yoursell' the day."

Scotch children sometimes have a way of making their parents look queer. One bright boy was allowed to sit at table during a dinner. He wanted soup. He was refused. "If I dinna get it I'll tell thou," he cried. No good—soup is bad for little boys. "Now I will tell thou," said the revengeful youth. "Ma new breeks were made out o' the auld window curtains!"

The use of bricks for breeches once called forth a disconcerting answer to a question asked by the Duchess of Gordon. She inquired of a brick-maker, "Well, and how do your bricks come on?" The good workman glanced at his lower garments.

Muckle obliged to your Grace, they were some eight days first, but they're doing fine the noo."

Scotch humour, too, is often unconscious. A minister was examining a youth in Scripture. "How many Commandments are there?" was the first question. "Perhaps a hummer" (a hundred), said the youth, vaguely. The clergyman sent him home to learn his lesson better. On his way the youth met a friend also going to be examined.

"Weel, what will ye say if the minister asks hoo many Commandments there are?" he inquired. To which the friend replied, "Say? Why, ten, of course!" "Ten," retorted the plucked youth, contemptuously. "Try him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hummer and he wasna satisfied."

The reminds one of the small respect shown by a beadle to the Scotch minister. There was a dog in the church. When the minister began to preach the dog expressed its disapproval by howling. The louder the preaching, the louder the howling. The beadle was ordered to turn that cur out, and he did so, remarking dryly, "Ay, ay, sir; but, indeed, it was yersell' began it!"

## PRINCE AS PHILATELIST.

Our Future King's Contribution to the History  
of British Stamps.

As a stamp collector the Prince of Wales would have been famous even if he had been born in a cellar instead of a palace. He has a very large and valuable collection, and he takes the greatest interest in everything connected with his hobby.

Not long ago he wrote a paper on the stamps issued during King Edward's reign—we beg pardon, "stamps" is not the right word—the Prince calls them "postal adhesive issues." Now this paper is printed in a small volume issued by the Junior Philatelic Society, and entitled "The Postage Stamps of Great Britain."

This is how the royal author begins:—

The whole of the contemplated changes in the postal issues of the Mother Country, consequent on the accession to the throne of King Edward VII., having been completed, the present would seem to be a convenient time to put together what is known of the history of the stamps issued by the home authorities during the present reign.

And this is his concluding sentence:—

I do not, of course, claim for these notes the importance of a philatelic paper, but as all the information and dates given may be relied upon as authentic I hope that they may be of use in saving a future historian of the stamps of this country a not inconsiderable amount of research and trouble in connection with the first issues of the present reign.

The Prince is too modest. His notes are put together in workman-like shape, and quite deserve the title of "a paper."

## MISSED HIS OPPORTUNITIES.

"I don't believe Brown possesses the true Christian spirit."

"Why not?"  
"Well, I did him an injury once, and he has purposely overlooked a dozen opportunities to heap coils of fire on my head."—Chicago News.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### COUNTRY-HOUSE TIPS.

"Subaltern, York," ought to be glad of the tip-collecting boxes. He is evidently stingy, and he can drop a button into them without anyone being the wiser.

Personally, I only know two houses where such boxes are in use—one in Yorkshire, the other in Kent. But I never use them. I prefer to give my tips to the servants direct.

MAJOR.  
Canterbury, October 12.

### "A QUESTION OF SEX."

I believe that in times gone by ladies' dresses were made to fasten from right to left for the convenience of their maids. The coats of men were made to fasten in the opposite direction so as to give them easier access to their swords, which, of course, were always worn on the left side.

The handing down of this custom to the present generation probably accounts for what "Suzette" thinks is a difference in the development of the hands of the two sexes.

A. W. GATRETSO.  
East Finchley.

### "THE PROPER BOUNDARY."

I read the article about the anxiety of girls to get out into the world, instead of fulfilling their duties at home, with much interest.

Vanity is the real cause of it. They want to be prominent, to be seen and admired. In the home they feel they are wasting their sweetness upon desert air.

Men would respect women much more if they kept within the proper boundary.

J. E. T.

### THE LATEST "CANCER CURE."

I have been interested in General Irving Graham's communications to the Press upon this subject, but for his sake and for the sake of the public, might I ask him to prove, or to give his word, through the medium of the newspapers, that he is not connected financially, either directly or indirectly, with the cure he vouches for so firmly?

His last letter seemed to convey the idea that he was so interested. If he is not, it gives much more weight to his recommendations.

LAWRENCE GRANT.  
28, Lower Mount-street, Dublin.

### SPORT OR SLAUGHTER?

Your correspondent, "Old Harrovian," is one of the good, old-fashioned kind, and evidently believes in hunting game in the proper way.

No true sportsman could derive any pleasure from so heartless a game as that of creeping up within rifle-range, and shooting cattle as they stand.

It is also worth drawing attention to the fashion in which partridges and pheasants are shot. Instead of the hunter himself chasing up the birds by rambling through the woods he hires a few boys or men to do the work, while he remains in one position until the birds come his way, and then fires.

Your correspondent is surely justified in asking the question: Where does the sport come in?

FOREST HILL.  
EDMUND KOOY.

### CRAWLING OMNIBUSES.

I am very glad to see this question raised by "Motorist." I am a motor-car owner, too, and I sometimes travel by omnibus.

The way these antediluvian vehicles dawdle about is simply maddening. There is no reason whatever why it should be allowed.

They should not be permitted to stop except to take up and set down passengers. As things are now, they often wait at a corner for several minutes without a soul getting either on or off.

INVERNESS-TERACE, W.  
ANTI-CRAWL.

### CAN YOU?

Can any of your readers tell me if there is any way of testing a green wall-paper to enable one to discover if it contains enough arsenic to be injurious?

LEZLIE.  
Leeds.

### A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

In the Highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces  
And the young, fair maidens  
Quiet eyes;  
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
Her more lovely music  
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;  
Where the old red hills are lured enchanted,  
And the low, green meadows  
Bright with sword;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glistened  
So, the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarted!

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render  
Through the trance of silence  
Quiet breath;

So! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the night-movement sounds and passes;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and Death.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



# TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### An Evil Haunt.

Ferris sipped his absinthe slowly. "Oh, don't worry," he said lazily to the impatient Methuen. "This is all the Paradise I'm asking for at present. I know what your Fifth Circle will be like. I've been there before. Jove! I am surprised that a man of your grey hairs should still condescend to take an interest in such things."

Methuen ran a meditative hand over his head, sleek and black, and smooth as a billiard ball. "Come, that's a lie!" he said, with portentous gravity. "I'm willing to own up to my years, but not to non-existent grey hairs. It's sheer laziness that's the matter with you; not virtue. I tell you this is no ordinary place. This Russian chap had seen the world, I can tell you, and he admitted this was about the rummiest show he had ever lighted on. Come, finish your drink and let us be going. I'm sick of this dull hole. I've been here for hours."

Still Ferris resisted. He was feeling very comfortable.

"No, no, go on yourself, if you're so keen about it," he remonstrated. "I'll stay where I am, and you can tell me what it was like to-morrow—and if it is so very wonderful we can go again."

But Methuen had reached that point of drunkenness at which a man refuses to be put off. He harped on the strings of invitation, remonstrance, and foolish cajolery, till the other men lounging at the bar, or sitting in the background at the tables, turned and looked for Methuen's voice was of that peculiar timbre which penetrates a crowd.

Ferris had no desire to try the prowess of the six-foot-two, uniformed, de-medalled chucker-out, who paraded up and down outside in conscious solitary grandeur.

"All right," he said. "Don't make such a row about it, I'll come." He had finished his drink, and he followed Methuen into the glare of the lighted streets.

There was more than a touch of frost in the air. It acted unhappily on Methuen, accelerating the effect of the drink he had consumed. Ferris hustled him into a cab—a feat not unaccompanied with difficulty, for Methuen showed signs of wishing to fight an inoffensive wearer of the Brodick cap, who was quietly walking up the west side of Regent-street with his young lady, and when baulked of this entertainment Methuen manifested a desire to change places with an aged and tattered street musician.

But the cab was finally chartered, and as it drove rapidly through the network of narrow streets Methuen, perhaps under the influence of cigar, relapsed into a state of beatific silence—a fact for which Ferris was proportionately grateful. The necessity, however, for action, for alertness, removed, he began to feel the effects of his own potations. He was not a man who, as a rule, drank even moderately heavily, but in the last few weeks his cares, his remorse, his loneliness, his weariness, had needed drowning, and drink to a desperate man is at first a very alluring mistress. Consequently it was two somewhat befuddled gentlemen who finally alighted from the cab in the narrow, dark, and unsavoury street to which Methuen had been directed.

Ferris paid the cabman and followed Methuen, who was now leaning a lean and hungry look on a battered green door. His energy was rewarded by the gathering of a small crowd of ragged and interested children of all sizes, who volunteered much expert advice, couched in the spirit of Elijah to the Prophets of Carmel. But that was all. The door remained unopened, and these two Peris outside an unattractive Paradise rapidly lost their tempers, nor did they regain them when, in response to reiterated appeals to "look up," they saw on the board above their heads the notice: "This House To Let."

Ferris muttered an oath. "What fool's errand have you brought me," he demanded, "you and your Fifth Circle of Paradise?" The man was frowning. "I suppose you didn't pay him for this interesting information?"

Methuen consigned the mongrel Russian to a number of unmentionable places with a fluency and originality acquired in many journeys in the world, and left his ragged reputation hung at last upon a tier of a circle which was assuredly not in Paradise.

"Well, we have to seek our Paradise elsewhere," said Ferris, with a half laugh. "I vote we go home. I'm tired. I'm too old for this sort of green salad tomfoolery."

They turned and went up the little street followed by the camp followers of the grimy band of children who had watched their assault on the green door. But as they rounded the corner out of the street these also fell back—apparently in this wilderness of mean streets each alley or square was a terra incognita to the residents in the next. Ferris and Methuen had not gone very far when a touch on the former's arm made him look round. At his side was a small, respectfully-dressed man—such a man, indeed, to solicit attention and possess one might be seen standing on the steps of Exeter Hall during the May Meetings handing pamphlets to the faithful.

"Are you gentlemen in search of entertainment?" he said in a prim little voice. Do you seek the delights of—ahem—Paradise?"

In any other spot, at any other moment, Ferris would have put him down as one of those too inquisitive and well-meaning gentlemen who in public thoroughfares put intimate questions concerning the state of your soul. Methuen, whose eagerness for the proposed entertainment had been greatly whetted by his disappointment, put in a hasty word.

"Yes, we are," he said. "We can't get into the blamed place. Do you know where it is?"

The small man gave a deprecating nod in reply.

"If you will follow me, gentlemen," he said, with infinite precision of manner, "I will conduct you to the desired spot. We have to take precautions," he added. "The police are so very censorious, but—perhaps it is as well. It enables us to give our patrons that which might perhaps be otherwise impossible." He walked on steadily, and Methuen and Ferris found themselves following him mechanically.

"You see your Russian told you all wrong," muttered Ferris. "He's taking us in exactly the opposite direction from that which we pursued."

The place before which they finally stopped had little to suggest of even a terrestrial paradise. It was a small eating-shop. In the one window a fly-bow (teapot set in long magnificence upon a small red tray, flanked on either side by plates, on which various unappetising specimens of the bun tribe reposed.

"This is our destination," the little man assured them with a smile, and Methuen, as he followed, whispered to Ferris that he felt a fool.

There was one young woman behind the counter, with an elaborately curled and touzled head and an air of such surprising languor that it seemed a labour for her heavy eyes to follow the entrancing lines of the Piccadilly novelette she was perusing. Even the sight of the two men in evening-dress roused her to only a momentary interest. She gave them an indifferent glance and fell to her reading again.

At the back of the shop a glass door curtained with red Turkey towel gave access apparently to domestic regions. The guide opened it, and with a fine flourish bowed his victims in. The door swung behind them, and they moved up the long, badly-lighted passage, flagged underfoot and full of evil odours from the two or three paraffin lamps which dotted the hall at infrequent intervals.

At the end of this passage was another door, and behind it a little vestibule garishly lighted, in which stood a small glass case—a shrine presided over by an immensely stout negress, her grizzled curls surmounted by a fantastic green and yellow handkerchief.

"This promises well," whispered Ferris ironically to Methuen, with a glance at the repulsive crone who was along her teeth and creasing her cheeks in an ingratiating, evil smile.

"You're late, my fine gentlemen," she said, tapping her coarse, heavily-ringed hand on the desk in front of her. "We have many guests to-night. You would like a box?"

"A box, most certainly, madam," said Methuen gravely. "We are not too late for your turn, I hope?" he added.

The odious creature simpered like a girl. "Ah, now you're getting at me," she said. "Once I could take the stage with the best of them, but now"—she glanced down with honest regret at her vast bulk, which seemed to threaten to escape from the tight-strained crimson satin bodice—"now I must give place to my younger sister. She could, with more truth, have said 'grand-daughters.'"

"I can't give you a box to yourselves," she said, consulting a rough plan which lay on the desk before her. "Just a share of one and a peep-hole between you; share and share about, my fine gentlemen."

"A peep-hole?" Ferris put the question sharply, conscious of a great and growing distaste of the adventure. The sight of this grinning, unholy-looking hag roused fierce repugnance in him.

"Let me out of this," he said. "I've had enough, a surfeit of the place." But Methuen grabbed up the tickets the negress held out, and seeing Ferris's arm, dragged him in the wake of her.

The box to which he led them resembled nothing in the world so much as a ramshackle bathing-machine: a structure of rough wood with a badly-hung door, and two square windows which gave a view of the sanded arena and the semi-circular stage which blocked one side of it.

A slightly mad one occupant, who turned and gave a glance of keen curiosity at them. Despite the heat of the place, steaming as it was, with a hundred concentrated breaths, he wore his shabby, but well-cut, overcoat closely buttoned to the chin, with a care which suggested instantly to Methuen's mind an absence of a waistcoat beneath. There was a sharpness of outline about his handsome face, a wildness in the well-shaped eyes which spoke of privation, yet withal the thick, well-kept moustache trimmed a l'Empereur, and the carefully tended hand proclaimed the man of breeding.

After a brief glance at his companion, Methuen applied his face to the little window, and in a minute drew back with a snort of contempt. "Great Scott!" he said. "We have been done! Look down there!" He flung himself back on the rickety chair and uttered deep-voiced complaints.

Ferris looked down. He saw a circular stretch of sanded floor, framed by a half-circle of "boxes" similar to that he occupied, each small window framing a face; above them an unmasked, unashamed gallery of hooting, yelling boys for the most part, with here and there a man or a woman, too poor to pay for it the privilege of being in the front.

On the platform a long-haired and uncleanly-looking man, dressed in grey trousers, a swallow-tail coat, and a vast expanse of crumpled shirt, was putting a group of marionettes through a scene from an Anglicised French vaudeville, a trifle which Ferris remembered seeing more years back than he cared to count.

The dreary show went on. Ferris could not have told why he stayed through the round of futile dances, futile songs; the crude, vulgar, tawdriness of the whole thing. It sickened him. At last he stood up.

"You can stay if you like," he said to Methuen, who was half-asleep in his corner. "But I'm going. I thought this sort of dreary show was dead and buried."

Methuen roused himself to grope for his overcoat. The other occupant of the box turned at the sound of their departure.

"If you go now, monsieur," he said to Ferris, "you are the only part of this tiresome exhibition which is worth seeing. The Nautch Girl, ah!" He waved his hand with a gesture of appreciation. "She is most beautiful—indeed of Paradise. How she came here—" he broke off with the air of a man who has said more than he intended, and handed his programme to Methuen, who had wakened up a little.

Right the young man could hardly read it. He held it up under the flaring lamp.

## EXHIBITION OF THE FAR-FAMED HAREM DANCING! GENUINE ORIENTAL NAUTCH GIRL!

"Thanks," said Methuen, and handed the programme back. "I think we'll leave this item to the imagination."

Further speech was interrupted by a wild burst of applause, which shook the flimsy building and drowned the sound of the native pipes and the beating of tom-toms.

Ferris looked down. "Hallo!" he said to Methuen over his shoulder, "this looks more interesting."

Below the platform, on a rug, squatted two blue-turbaned Indians in white tunics which left arms and legs bare. Above them, on the stage, crouched a girl in an attitude dramatically eloquent of distress, her slim body draped in spangled muslin, her feet and arms bare.

"Ma foi," muttered the Frenchman to himself, "that is no coloured girl!"

And now the dance began. The girl advanced to the edge of the platform, and with a graceful gesture raised her rounded arms above her head as though in invocation. The veil, the thick tresses of her hair, fell back; the light from the garish footlights fell full on her face. The watching men held their breath.

Suddenly Ferris uttered a sharp cry.

"Heavens! Hilda!" His hands gripped the rim of the window. "Hilda here, in this vile place!"

The Frenchman bent over him. "You know her?" he asked sharply as one with authority. "She is my wife," Ferris responded in answer to that authority.

Before Methuen was aware that anything had happened Ferris had rushed from the box.

A girl in an attitude dramatically eloquent of distress, her slim body draped in spangled muslin, her feet and arms bare.

Before Methuen was aware that anything had happened Ferris had rushed from the box.

The dance was in full swing as he rushed on the platform and caught wildly at her whirling draperies; she evaded him as a ghost might have done.

"Hilda!" he cried. "Hilda, come with me, quickly, out of this evil place."

She stopped dead and looked at him through her half-closed eyes as though his voice struck some chord of memory. But the wail of the pipes, the beat of the drums continued serenely, though by now the place was in an uproar; plainly the unfortunate girl wavered between them.

At this moment a man rushed on the stage and caught Ferris by the arm.

"Are you mad or drunk?" he asked in a coarse whisper. "How dare you interrupt a performance and make an uproar?"

That lady is my wife, unlawfully detained here, shouted Ferris, making an appeal to British justice as represented by those staring eyes with which the walls were honeycombed.

A roar of laughter greeted this sally, supposed by some to be part of the entertainment, but above it rose an ominous hum.

Ferris raised his cry again, but with a dexterous twist, as usual, fell, unmoving, unimpeded by his clothing, for he wore the same light tunic as the native musicians, flung him against the boarded door, which opened and engulfed him.

(To be continued.)

## MODERN JOB.

### Death-Bed Gratitude to Heaven After Domestic Afflictions.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VIENNA, Wednesday.—Otto Moritz, of Tabor, in Bohemia, will be remembered in history as the most patient bearer of unmerited sufferings on record.

Three years ago Moritz, surrounded by a happy family, lived in a fine house on the outskirts of Vienna. Then his elder son, in an access of passion, fatally stabbed a young woman, and received a term of penal servitude.

In one month two industrial companies in which he had invested three-quarters of his fortune failed. He retired to Tabor, and, presenting a serene face to his friends, declared that he was happier in poverty than he had been in wealth.

Soon afterwards his favourite daughter died of lockjaw. Despite his terrible grief, Moritz thanked heaven that he had affectionate relatives left.

In January smallpox carried off his two remaining children, and his wife died of grief. Returning from the funeral the wretched old man found his house in flames, and, falling in a faint, came to a hopeless paralysis.

Moritz resolved to spend the evening of his days in prayer. A fortnight ago his brother-in-law, to whom he had confided the management of his affairs, robbed him of everything and fled to France.

This killed him. But before death he sent for a priest, and expressed his thanks to heaven for having lived most of his life in happiness much greater than he deserved.

## CAUGHT BY CHANCE.

### How the Late M. Waldeck-Rousseau First Suspected the Humberts.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Some interesting letters of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau concerning the gigantic Humbert swindle have been communicated to the "Figaro."

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, it will be remembered, was the first in France to suspect this swindle. He was engaged as advocate against the Humberts on behalf of the creditors of a suicide banker.

It appears that it was by pure chance that his suspicions were aroused, and not by anything in this case.

But once suspicious he saw several points which confirmed him in his view. He gives several instances of how his warnings were either disbelieved or not acted upon.

When Minister his attention was again drawn to the case by an advocate friend, who appeared against the Humberts. He did not leave a stone unturned to bring them to justice, but again people would not prosecute.

Some memoranda display the interest he took in the flight of the family, and show that 24,000 was spent on telegrams by the police.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's view of the swindle was that there must once have been some small inheritance in actual dispute. He could not believe that it was wholly imaginary in its origin.

## LUNATIC AT LARGE.

### Madhouse Terrorised by an Armed Escapee.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. ETIENNE, Thursday.—A panic was caused last night in the lunatic asylum here by an inmate named Lherissal.

By some means he escaped from the dormitory, and obtained possession of a revolver. Armed with this, he climbed upon the dispensary roof and fired at the attendants.

The police were fetched, but it was not till three o'clock that an officer discovered the lunatic in the branches of a plane tree near to the dispensary. He summoned him to yield and then fired, but the lunatic had disappeared again.

For hours the pursuit continued. At last the police got to close quarters and a fearful struggle ensued. It was in the course of this that the lunatic slipped and fell off the roof, and was picked up an inert mass still holding his revolver.

## SKEFFINGTON'S LIST.

THE HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE. Ready this Day. Price 1s. net, by post 1s. 2d.

### WIVES AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM. By One Who Knows.

In 18 chapters, including: The Choice of a Wife; The Honey-moon; Obedience; Happiness; Incompatibility; Woman's Rights; Naughty Tempers; Filtration; Not to be Read by Young Ladies; The Model Wife, &c.

THIS DAY. 16th Edition. Cover by John Hassall. 1s. net.

### LOVELY MAN. By G. E. Farrow. 16th Impression. His Manners

and Morals—The Parson—The City Man—The Lawyer—The Working Man, &c. By post 1s. 2d. net.

London: SKEFFINGTON and SON, 94, Southampton-st., Strand. And at all Booksellers and Bookstalls.



# THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

## BEAUTY COUNSEL.

### TIME AND PERSEVERANCE WELL EMPLOYED.

When winter has us fairly in his grip it is difficult to make a successful stand against roughened hands, marred complexions, and the other ills that beset us. Hence it is as well to have progressed far upon the road of beauty culture before the inclement weather comes. When caring for

### YEAR AFTER YEAR.

Who has not read the remarkable letters from working men and women which, day after day, and year after year, are being published in this and thousands of other newspapers throughout the United Kingdom respecting the undoubted merits of Dr. Tipples' Vi-Cocoa as a Food Beverage? "Yes," you say, "I have read all about it; but I have not tried it." Then take our advice and do so at once. Vi-Cocoa is not an ordinary cocoa. It is not sticky and insipid like many of the foreign cocoas, but a pleasant beverage, and a food and tonic in the bargain.

There is no cheaper or better article on the market. It is sold by all grocers and stores in 6d. packets and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins; or you can try it absolutely free by writing (a postcard will do) to Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, Bunhill-row, London, E.C., for a dainty sample tin.

### THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

OUR GREAT AUTUMN SALE IS NOW ON. GREAT DISPLAY OF BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. OUR NEW AND HANDSOME PREMISES ARE NOW COMPLETED.

MAGNIFICENT NEW SHOWROOMS for Costumes, Skirts, Mantles, Waterproofs, Furs, Millinery, Flowers, Hosiery, Lace, and all the latest in fashion clothing, Outfitting, Boots and Shoes, Foreign Fancy Goods, etc. Most of the above are completely New Departments or wherein much larger space allotted and Stocks are held than we did formerly.

OUR CUSTOMERS will find we have made great preparations for this Sale; all Departments are full of Special Purchases, much below current prices.

SILK VELVETS.—Another great delivery, and the last of those wonderful Silk Velvets, in about 50 leading shades, on Sale at 1s. 4½d. usual price, 2s. 1½d.

FANCY YARN, DYED FANCY STRIPED AND CHECKED JAPANESE SILKS; wonderful value from 6½d. per yard.

IVORY JAPANESE SILKS.—Plain goods in all widths and prices, from 6½d. per yard.

BROCADED IVORY JAPANESE SILKS.—A Special Purchase. Small patterns, 23-inch, 1s. 4½d. Usual price, 2s. 6d.

RICH HANDBORN BROCADED SILKS.—A Great Display of beautiful goods at 2s. 1½d., 3s. 6½d., 4s. 1½d., 4s. 9½d., 5s. 1½d., 6s. 1½d., and 6s. 1½d. per yard. Quite half their usual prices.

RICH ALL SILK DUCHESSE SATINS, in five good colours, 22-inch, 1s. 1½d.; were 4s. 1½d.

BEAUTIFUL TRANSPARENT LACE STRIPED SILKS, in light colours, 10,000 yards on Sale, 1s. 9½d., 1s. 4½d., 1s. 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6½d., and 2s. 1½d.

ORIENTAL SILK SATINS in 3 qualities. Every new shade for evening wear, 21-inch, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 9½d., and 1s. 1½d.

RICH BENGALINE POPLIN SILKS, 10,000 yards on Sale, in beautiful shades of Terra Cotta, Pink, Primrose, Eau de Nil, Mauve, Vieux Rose, Art Green, Cerise, Bluet, Old Gold, Bronze, Burgundy, Brown, Emerald, Olive, etc., 22in., 1s. 1½d., regular value 3s. 1½d.

Our Circular, giving full list of Bargains, is sent post free on application.

Patterns Post Free.

SAMUEL LEWIS AND CO., 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

## SEARLE'S Bargain Bundle OF Winter Comforts

### 30/-

### CONTENTS:

- 1 Pair full-sized genuine warm Witney Blankets.
- 1 Pair 30-inch Twill or Plain Household Sheets, ready made, 6 yards long.
- 2 Superfine Pillow Cases, 16 to button.
- 1 Extra-large Tapestry Quilt, superb pattern (fringed).

### ON RECEIPT OF

2/6 Deposit and balance 4/- Monthly We will at once forward you the above parcel, carriage paid. No references or securities of kind required. Sample parcel sent on approval, free of all carriage charges. Deposit returned in full if goods are not approved. 2/- in the 2/- discount for cash.

H. J. SEARLE & SON Ltd. (Dept. C) 70, 72, 74, 76 & 78, Old Kent Rd. LONDON (City End).

the hands it should always be remembered that it is most important not only to have them thoroughly cleansed, but also perfectly dried. This is the cause of so many hands looking rough, and may be combated by keeping a very soft towel especially for the hands; an old silk handkerchief is excellent. Always be careful that the nails are nicely manicured, pressing back the cuticle at their base very gently with an orange-wood stick. File or cut the nails in such a way that they assume an oval shape, and if they are brittle bathe them in warm almond oil each night.

The following wash is one that may be used for a rough or sunburnt skin. It is prepared from two ounces of distilled water, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of alcohol, and half an ounce of tincture of benzoin.

### Bran Baths Beneficial.

A bran bath, which may be taken in two ways, will be found delightful for making the skin soft and smooth. One is to boil up two quarts of bran and pour the mixture into the bath, or the bran may be boiled and the mixture strained into the bath, using bran bags instead of the ordinary washing glove. A liquid that will be found very pleasant for use after the bath is over is made from four ounces each of alcohol, glycerine, and tincture of benzoin, added to twelve ounces of rose-water, in



Two pretty and easily-fashioned notions for theatre and evening party wear are shown above. The coat is made of blue supple satin, lined with cream and trimmed upon the shoulders and at the elbows with cream lace. High-necked bodices are very much seen at the play now, and the corsage illustrated is a pretty device, in which spotted white chiffon, white lace, and rose-pink satin play a part. The satin forms the girdle and the bands that outline the

## WOMEN IN GERMANY.

### FEMININE ACHIEVEMENT IN PROFESSIONAL FIELDS.

At the University of Bonn four nuns have been inscribed as hearers in philosophy. They intend to acquire a Ph.D. degree. And at Innsbruck four Ursuline Sisters are attending philosophical lectures. These are indeed bold adventures in the cloistered life of the nunnery.

Another scientific honour has been won by a doctor of philosophy from the University of Bonn, who chances also to be a German countess. For original work in animal reproduction and colouring she has a prize unanimously awarded by the Paris Academy of Sciences.

The first German woman who was ever accorded the title of professor by a German university, and who is at present director of the Museum of Historical Relics of Schleswig-Holstein, at Kiel, Germany, has just passed her seventy-fifth year. She has been a student of historic antiquities since her girlhood, and has held several offices of honour; but the distinction of being a German professor did not come until she was seventy.

the bathroom, where the air can get at all sides of it, close the door and windows, and turn on the hot water until the room is full of steam. Stop the flow of water, go out, leaving the door and windows shut, and let the coat stay where it is for an hour. Then admit the air, not touching the velvet until it is perfectly dry and cold. This will raise the nap normally all over the coat.

## HOTEL ACQUAINTANCES.

One of the pathetic experiences of life passed in hotels and at the various health-resorts is the constant coming and going of people who have been passing friends, and yet must part, probably never to meet again. The empty chair at the dinner-table, the nook in the corner of the drawing-room, speak eloquently of those who are gone and who have charmed one for a few moments with their beauty, their intelligence, and their good-nature. Hotel acquaintances rarely meet again; it is not a part of Fate that they should, but some of them take a little bit of one's heart with them when they depart, and open out glimpses of new worlds and new ideas which one is destined never to visit.

## THE DEARTH OF NEWS.

In the conflict now raging between Russia and Japan, it is constantly complained that the news of its progress received in Europe is meagre and belated. From the point of view of the Japanese, who seem to control the entire affair, this is doubtless good business; but it is disappointing to the more or less impartial spectator who wants the news.

Now, it is said that no news is good news; but this, like many another current phrase, does not work well in practice. An editor who tried to run a newspaper on that principle would soon find himself walking up and down Fleet-street in quest of a job.

As with news, so with medicines. There are a great many medicines offered to the public—vast numbers of them. But then not every medicine is a remedy any more than every war rumour is true news. Don't forget that. Therefore we ask, what is a medicine that is not a remedy? The answer is plain: It is an expensive and dangerous thing, costing money uselessly and delaying the cure which might be progressing if the proper medicine were employed.

For indigestion there is but one certain cure, viz., Mother Seigel's Syrup. Innumerable people all over the world know this from actual experience. Listen for a moment to one of them—Mrs. E. Beard, of Cupwell Hill, Tebury, Glos., who writes thus under date May 27th, 1904: "I used to suffer dreadfully from indigestion and pains in the side," she says. "My appetite was so poor that I could hardly look at food. Besides, the pain that it always caused me made me afraid to eat. At the time I refer to I was in service, and the want of food made me so weak and nervous that I was hardly able to do my work. Indeed, upon a few occasions I did break down altogether."

"During my illness I was attended by several doctors, and took quantities of medicine; but it was all in vain. I became steadily worse, until at last I had to give up my situation and go home."

"Having ineffectually tried everything I could think of to recover my health, I was resigned to my fate when I was persuaded, as a last resort, to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. This I did, and I shall ever bless the hour. In a day or two I felt better; and as I continued to take the medicine the pain gradually ceased and my appetite and strength returned. Soon afterwards I resumed my work, and I have not had a day's illness since."

Though the medicine that cured Mrs. Beard has been known and esteemed throughout the world for 35 years, there are still sufferers from indigestion to whom its curative power will be news—and valuable news, too.

## DISCOVERIES.

### A REMEDY FOR MILDEW.

A valuable and sure remedy for mildew on clothes is to pour a quart of boiling water on an ounce of chloride of lime. When it is dissolved add three quarts of cold water to it and into this put the garment, letting it soak for twelve hours. If the spots are not very bad they will come out at once, and the process will not injure the finest fabric.

### TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.

Put some powdered borax about the beetle haunts, and it will kill them. Do not suppose that this will be a cure if only tried one night, it must be attended to night after night with great persistence.

### TO KEEP DRAINS AND SINKS CLEAR.

Put several teaspoonful of good washing powder into the sink or drain, and cover it with sufficient boiling water to fill the pipes. Let it stand over night, and in the morning flush the place with hot water. This will be found to keep sinks and so forth perfectly sweet and clean.

### RAIN MARKS ON VELVET.

To remove marks from a velvet coat that had been apparently ruined in a rain storm, the following process has been tried and proved successful. As in the case of some desperate diseases, the coat must be made to look worse before it can be caused to look better. Put it upon a hook or hanger in

## Cure Baby's Skin of Eczema and Sores by 'Antexema'



All skin diseases, itchy, or body of babies and children are cured by 'Antexema'. Night troubles such as red, itchy, or blotchy skin, or heretofore, itching or the food containing too much sugar disappear at once. In serious cases of eczema with running sores and 'Antexema' is the one successful cure. Mrs. W. R. writes: "I used 'Antexema' for my baby after five months of suffering and it was cured in a week. Mr. R. writes: 'Antexema' has done my child's head sores good than anything else from the best hospitals in London. Thousands of letters testifying to the value of 'Antexema' can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of 'Antexema' sooner."

**DON'T DELAY. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY** 'Antexema' will cure any skin complaint. Its benefits are immediately felt. Read the booklet 'Skin Troubles'; copy enclosed, or write for one. 'Antexema' is supplied by Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/6, or can be obtained direct post free in its own wrapper for 10s. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of 'Antexema' should send a stamped envelope, naming 'Daily Mirror', for a free trial, also a valuable Treatise on Skin Troubles and 20 Testimonials from patients who have been cured.

"ANTEXEMA," 63, GASTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

"Force" can be eaten cold, but those who like hot breakfasts should try

Force slightly toasted and served with bacon.



\_\_\_\_\_











Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO., LTD., at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.—Friday, October 14, 1904